

Heavy Metal presents

ALIEN

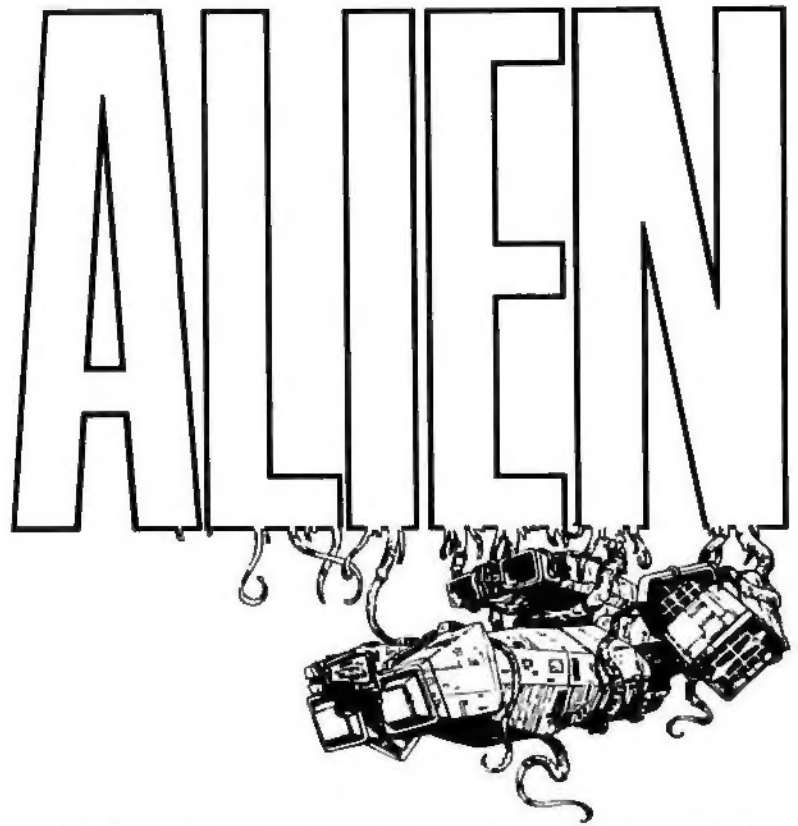


THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

Based on Twentieth Century-Fox's science fiction hit, *Alien*





THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon. Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

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Alien: The Illustrated Story, published by Heavy Metal Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Nationally distributed by Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Distributed by McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto, Canada M4B 3G2

ISBN 930-36842-8

S&S order no. 36842

Edited by Charles Lippincott

Design Director: John Workman

Managing Editor of **Heavy Metal Books**: Julie Simmons

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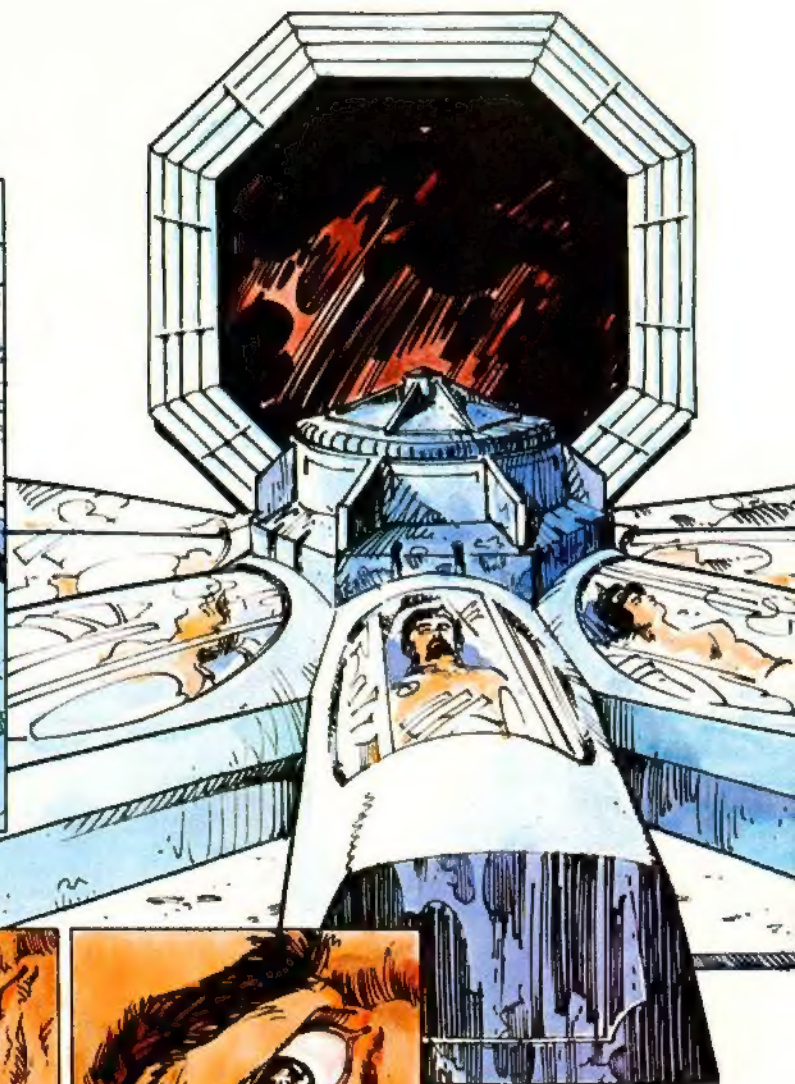
ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin
and Walter Simonson

Distributed by Simon & Schuster

ENDING WITH THE
SILENCE...



...A LONG, COLD
SLEEP...



STIFFLY, SULLENLY, THEY ENTER, IGNORING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE, FOR THE COFFEE HE'S BREWED

SHIP'S NAVIGATOR...

...LAMBERT.

SEVEN BEINGS. TWO FEMALE. FIVE MALE. GRADUALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.

IT'S CAPTAIN... DALLAS.

SCIENCE OFFICER... ASH.

WARRANT OFFICER... RIPLEY.

ENGINEER... PARKER.

AND HIS TECHNICIAN... BRETT.

'FORE WE DOCK, MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE BONUS SITUATION.

RIGHT.

BRETT AND I THINK WE DESERVE A FULL SHARE.

YOU TWO WILL GET WHAT YOU CONTRACTED FOR, PARKER. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

EXCEPT MAYBE FOR JONES, THE DAMN CAT...

...EVERYONE ELSE GETS MORE THAN US.

RIGHT.

EVERYONE ELSE DESERVES MORE THAN YOU.

DALLAS...

...GOT A YELLOW LIGHT. MOTHER WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.

I SAW IT, ASH.

THE REST OF YOU HIT YOUR STATIONS.

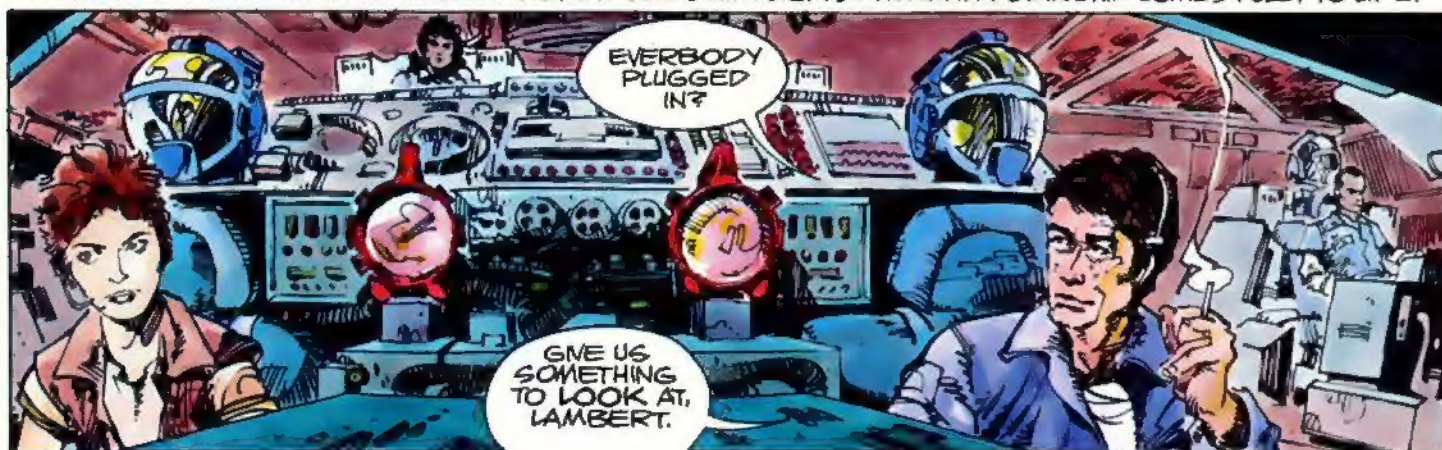
YELLOW LIGHT...

CAPTAIN'S EYES ONLY...



WHAT'S THE STORY, MOTHER...?

THE BRIDGE. SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HUM. LIGHTS FLICKER. A STARSHIP COMES FULLY TO LIFE.



EVERYBODY PLUGGED IN?

GIVE US SOMETHING TO LOOK AT, LAMBERT.



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...



WHERE'S EARTH?

YOU'RE THE NAVIGATOR!

IT'S NOT OUR SYSTEM.



KEEP SCANNING.

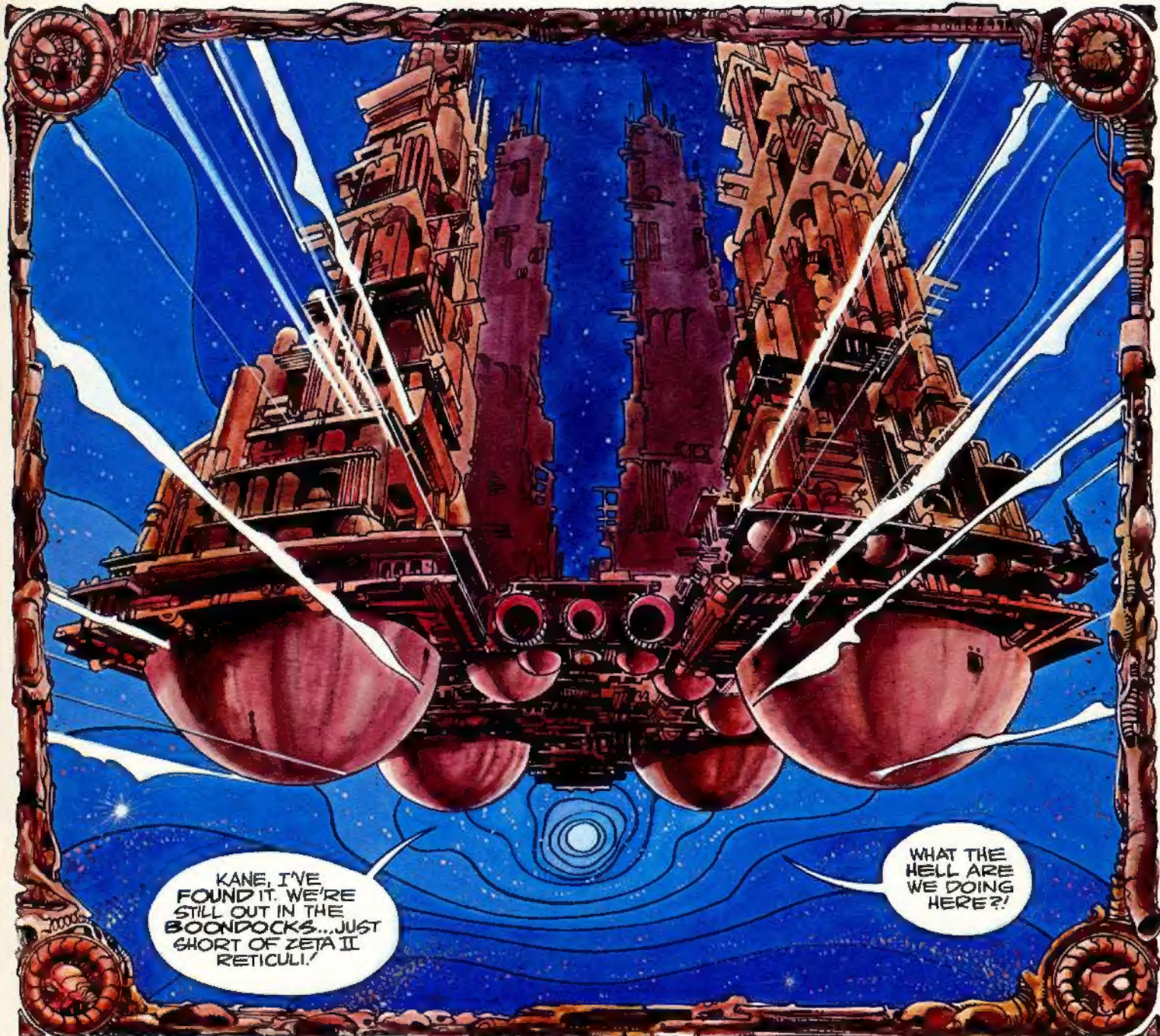
RIPLEY, CONTACT TRAFFIC CONTROL.



REFINERY TANKER NOSTROMO OUT OF HOUSTON CALLING ANTARCTICA. DO YOU READ ME...? OVER.

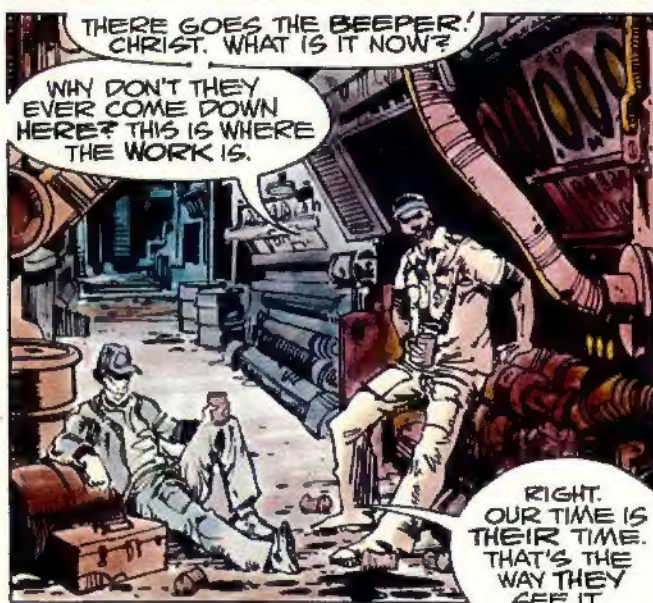
NOTHING.

JUST STATIC...



KANE, I'VE
FOUND IT. WE'RE
STILL OUT IN THE
BOONDOCKS...JUST
SHORT OF ZETA II
RETICULI.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE
WE DOING
HERE?!



THERE GOES THE BEEPER!
CHRIST. WHAT IS IT NOW?

WHY DON'T THEY
EVER COME DOWN
HERE? THIS IS WHERE
THE WORK IS.

RIGHT.
OUR TIME IS
THEIR TIME.
THAT'S THE
WAY THEY
SEE IT.



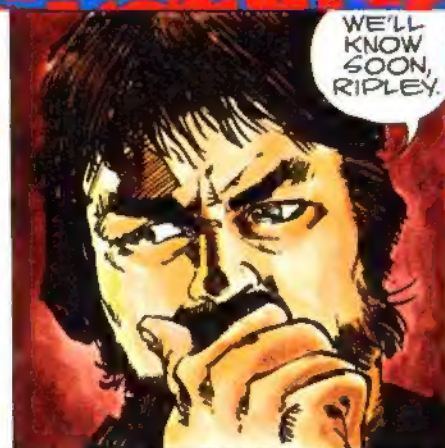
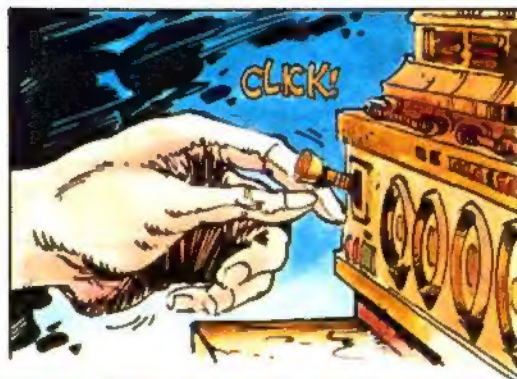
IT'S WHY WE
ONLY GET HALF A
SHARE TO THEIR--

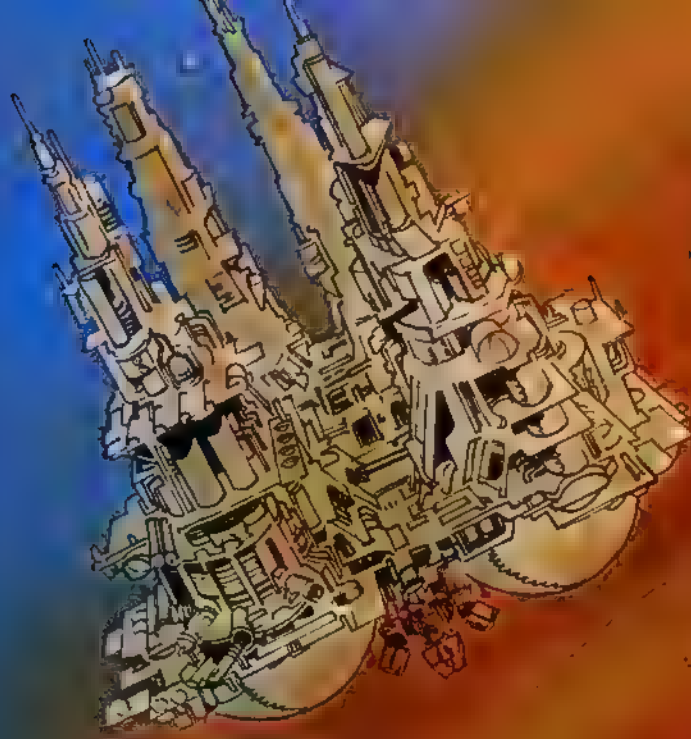
PARKER,
THIS IS RIPLEY.
CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR
THE BEEPER? RE-
PORT TO THE
MESS.



I'LL TELL YOU
SOMETHIN', BRETT...
IT STINKS.







THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

APPROACHING
ORBITAL APOGEE.
MARK. TWENTY
SECONDS...

NINETEEN...
EIGHTEEN...

ROLL 92
DEGREES
STAR-
BOARD
YAW!

EQUATORIAL
ORBIT NAILED!
ASH, SHOUT IF
THE EC PRES-
SURE READING
CHANGES.

WORRIED ABOUT RE-
DUNDANCY MANAGEMENT
DISABLING CMGS CON-
TROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT
WITH TACS AND MONITOR
COMPU-
TER IN-
TERFACE.

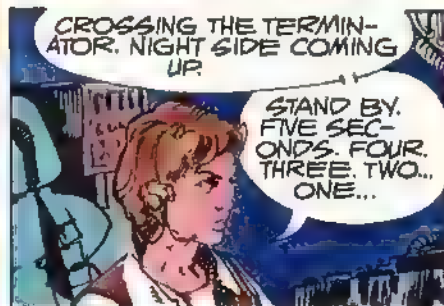
FEEL
BETTER?

A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...



L ALIGNMENT ON
PORT AND STAR-
BOARD IS GREEN.

GREEN ON
SPINAL
UMBILICUS
SEVERANCE.

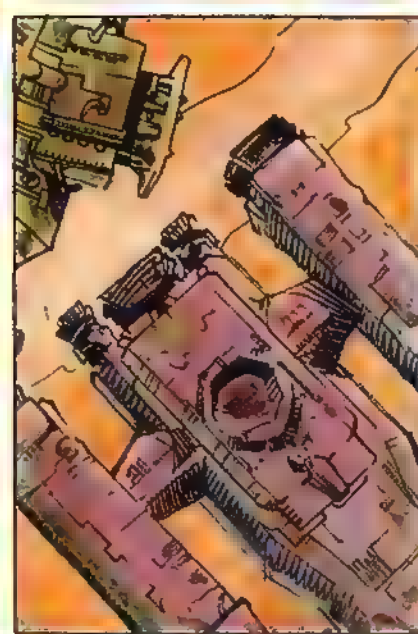


CROSSING THE TERMIN-
ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING
UP.

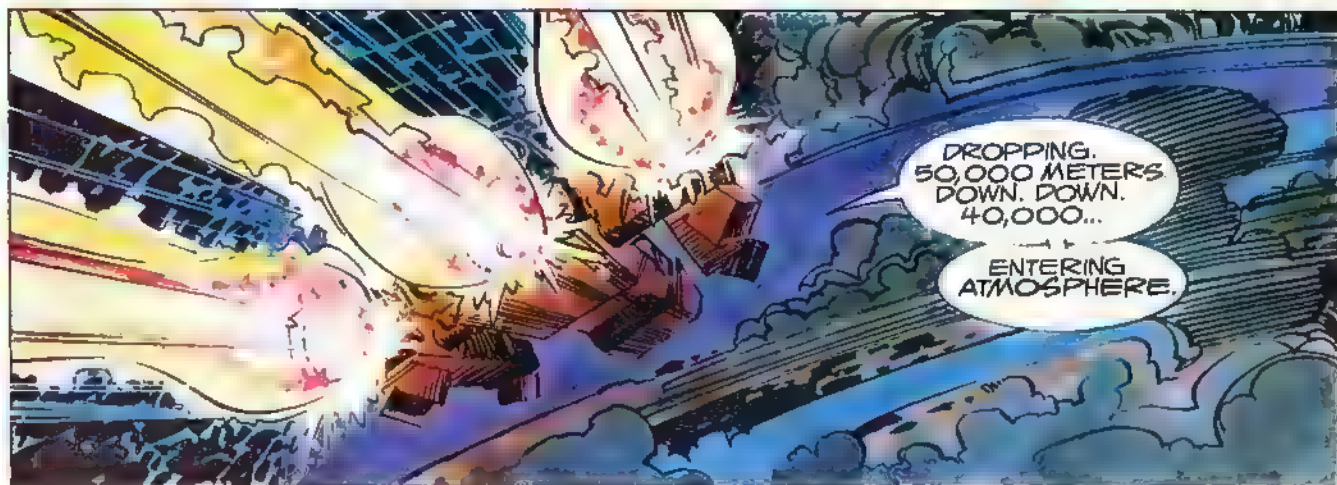
STAND BY.
FIVE SEC-
ONDS. FOUR.
THREE. TWO...
ONE...



DISENGAGE



OKAY. THE
MONEY'S
SAFE. LET'S
GO DOWN-
STAIRS.



DROPPING.
50,000 METERS
DOWN. DOWN.
40,000...

ENTERING
ATMOSPHERE.



TURBULENCE,
DALLAS...
BAD.

AND NOT LIKELY TO
GET BETTER. LET'S
HAVE THE NAVA-
TIONAL LIGHTS.



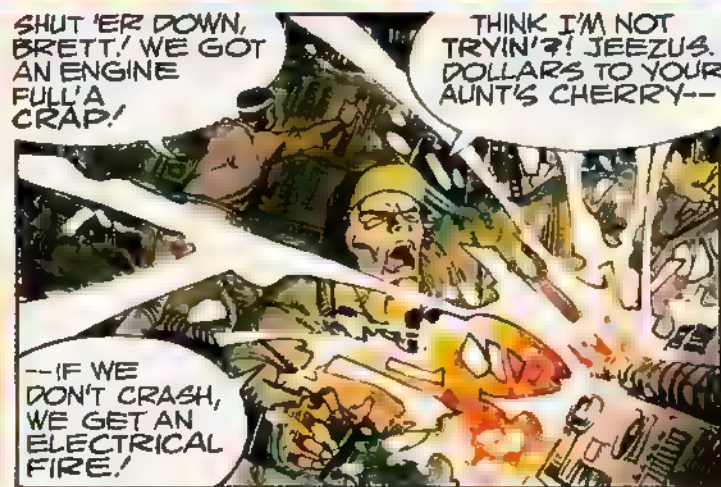
WHAT IN
HELL WAS
THAT?



PRESSURE DROP
IN INTAKE THREE,
PARKER!

GOD-
DAMN!
WE'VE
LOST A
SHIELD!

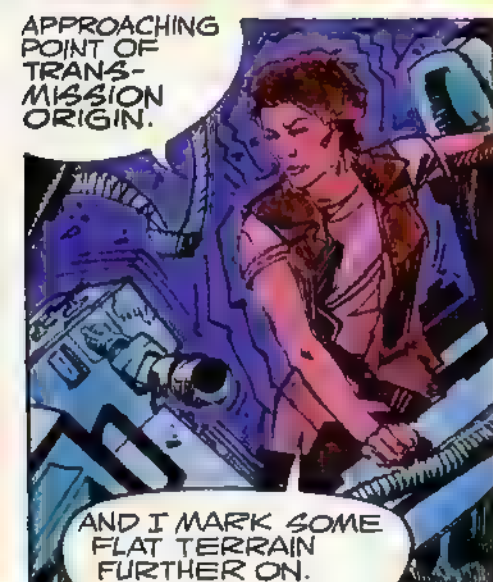
SHUT 'ER DOWN,
BRETT! WE GOT
AN ENGINE
FULL'A
CRAP!



THINK I'M NOT
TRYIN'? JEEZUS.
DOLLARS TO YOUR
AUNT'S CHERRY--

--IF WE
DON'T CRASH,
WE GET AN
ELECTRICAL
FIRE!

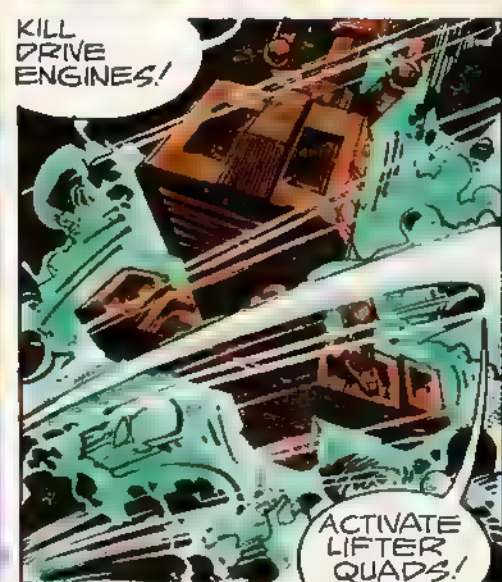
APPROACHING
POINT OF
TRANS-
MISSION
ORIGIN.



AND I MARK SOME
FLAT TERRAIN
FURTHER ON.



LET'S GO
WITH IT. TAKE
HER DOWN!



KILL
DRIVE
ENGINES!

ACTIVATE
LIFTER
QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS
AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.

THEN, SHAKING,
SHUDDERING...

WE'RE
DOWN.
BUT--

LOST
IT... LOST
IT!

LIGHTS...
EVERY
DAMN
THING.

SECONDARY
GENERATOR SHOULD
KICK IN, KANE.

WHERE
IS IT?

WE CAN'T WAIT!

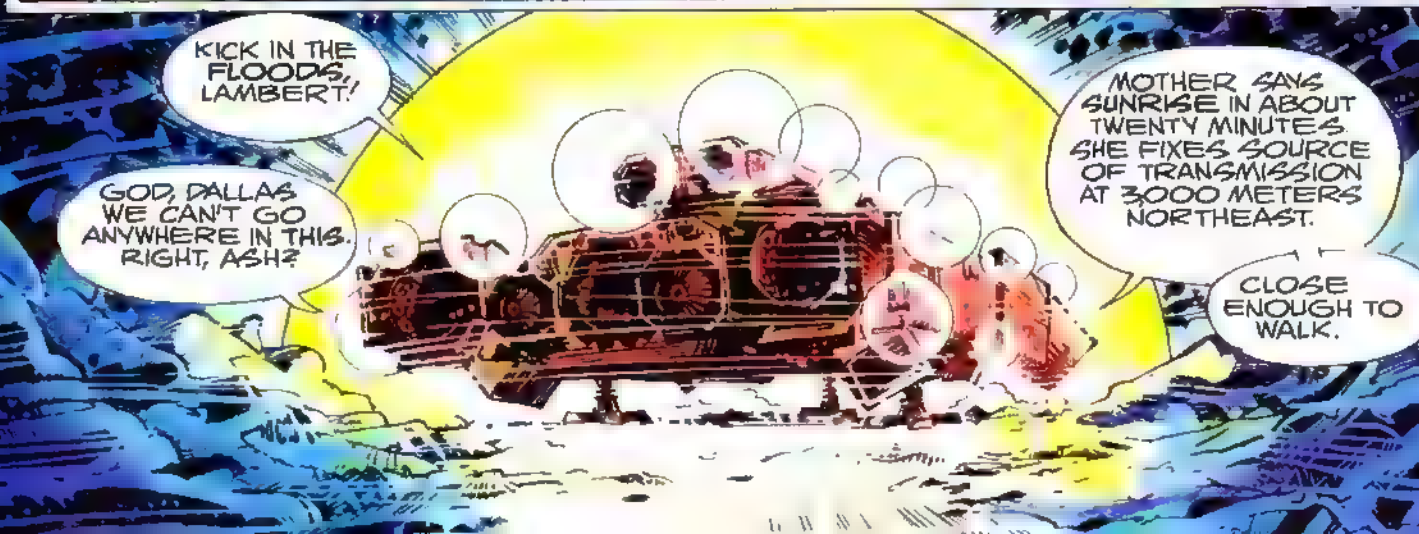
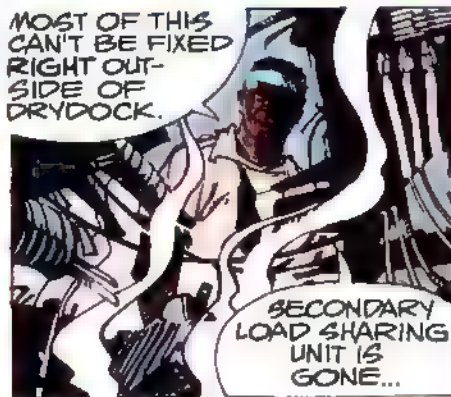
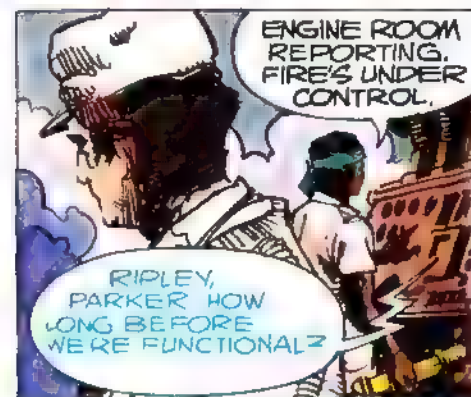
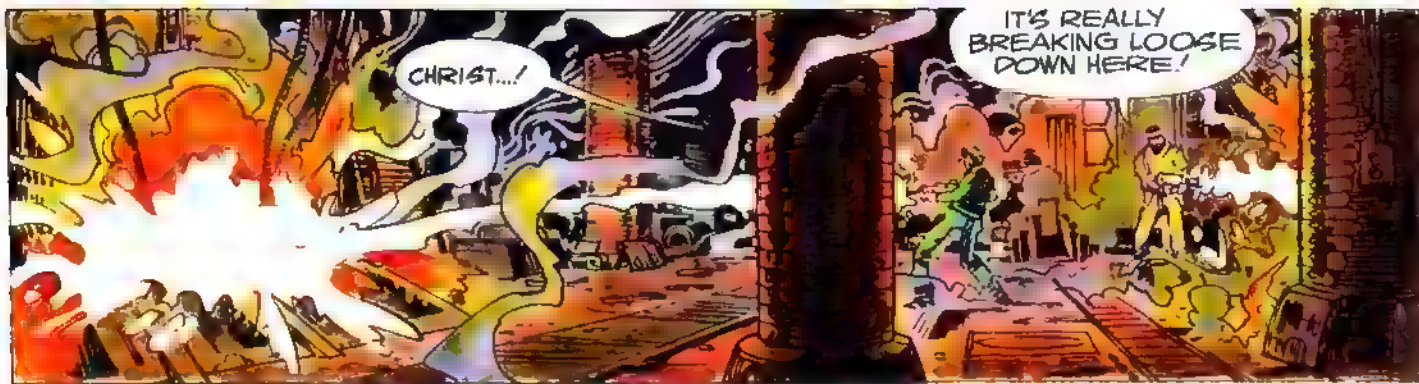
RIPLEY!
GET THE
ENGINE
ROOM--

--FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED.

GODDAM DUST
IS WHAT! INTAKES
CLOGGED...
OVERHEATED!

GOT AN
ELECTRIC
FIRE!

BIG!
AN' WE
BURNED OUT
A WHOLE
CELL...





SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?

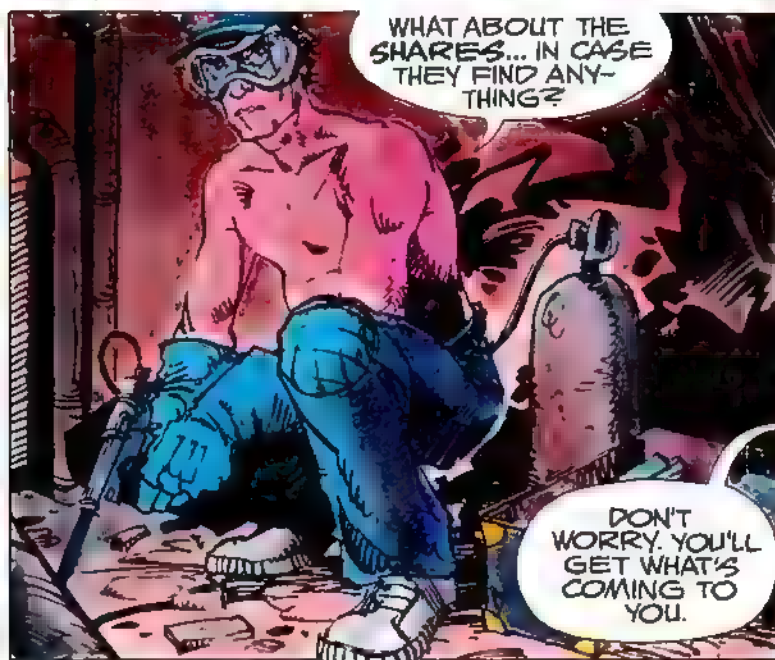
YOU GOT IT. LAMBERT... YOU, TOO.

SWELL.



HEY, RIPLEY. WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK... OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.



WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANYTHING?

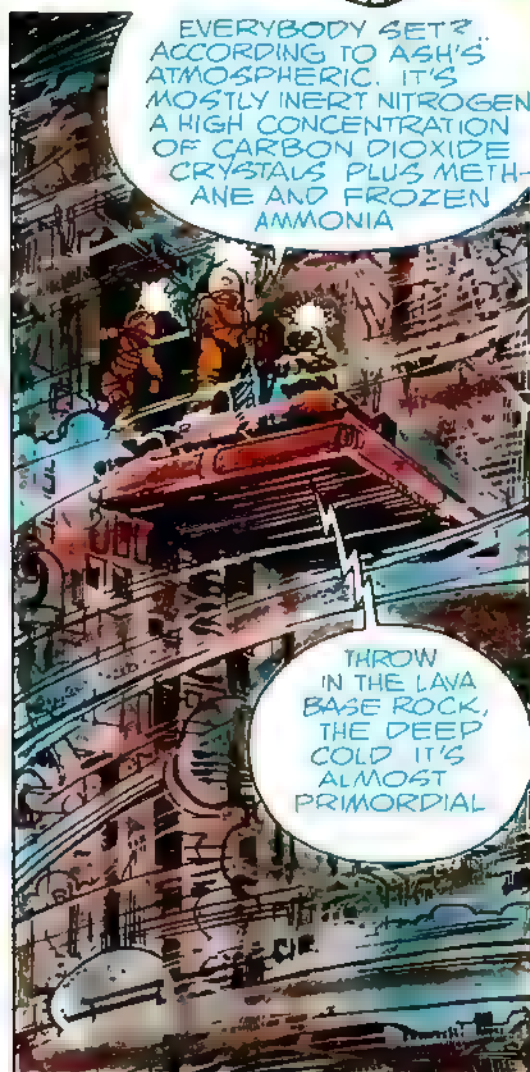
DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.



WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES.

BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW. NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!

RIGHT.



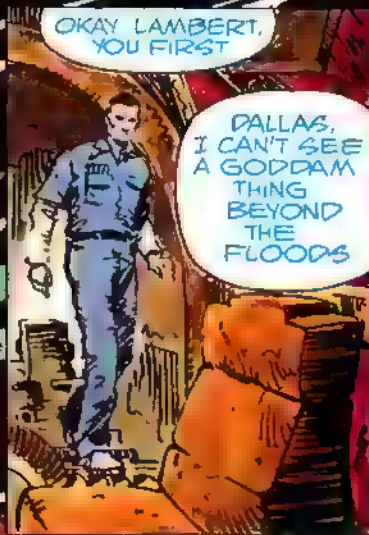
EVERYBODY SET? ACCORDING TO ASH'S ATMOSPHERIC, IT'S MOSTLY INERT NITROGEN, A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE CRYSTALS PLUS METHANE AND FROZEN AMMONIA

THROW IN THE LAVA BASE ROCK, THE DEEP COLD IT'S ALMOST PRIMORDIAL



ONE MORE TH'NG KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR WEAPONS.

...UNLESS I SAY OTHERWISE



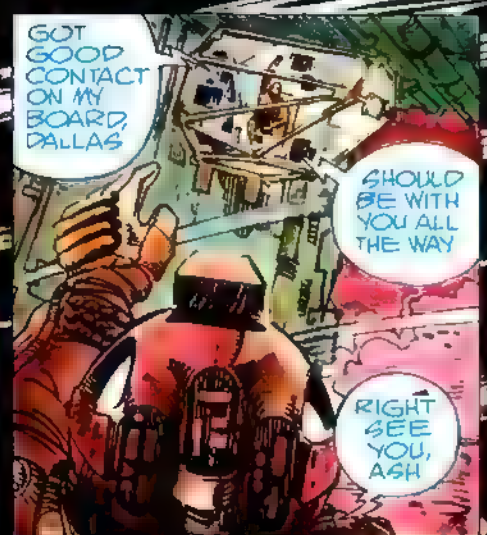
OKAY LAMBERT,
YOU FIRST

DALLAS,
I CAN'T SEE
A GODDAM
THING BEYOND
THE FLOODS



TURN ON
THE FINDER,
LAMBERT

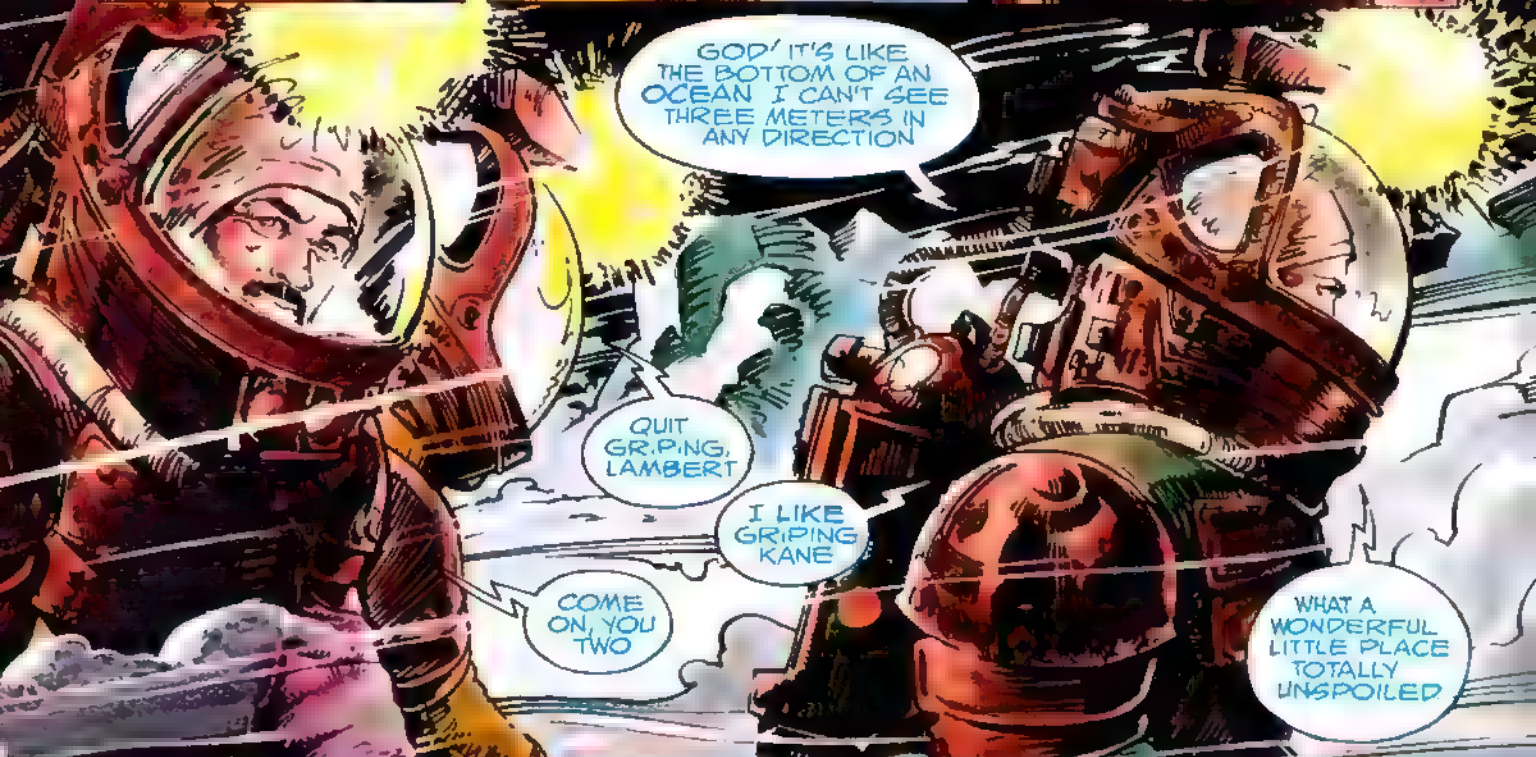
IT'S TUNED TO
THE TRANSMISSION
LET IT LEAD
YOU



GOT
GOOD
CONTACT
ON MY
BOARD,
DALLAS

SHOULD
BE WITH
YOU ALL
THE WAY

RIGHT
SEE
YOU,
ASH



GOD! IT'S LIKE
THE BOTTOM OF AN
OCEAN I CAN'T SEE
THREE METERS IN
ANY DIRECTION

QUIT
GRIPING,
LAMBERT

I LIKE
GRIPING
KANE

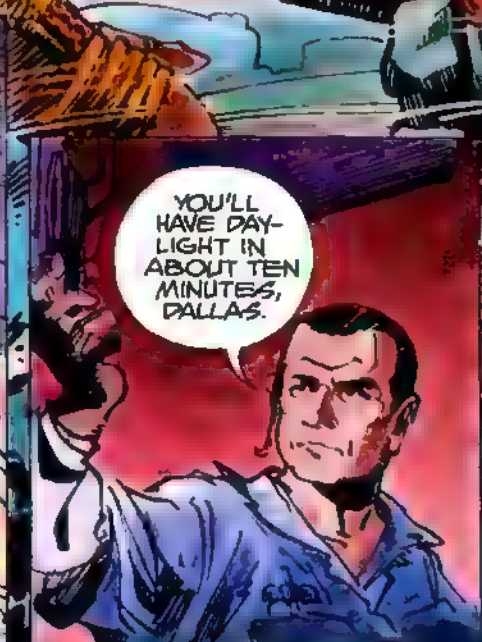
COME
ON, YOU
TWO

WHAT A
WONDERFUL
LITTLE PLACE
TOTALLY
UNSPOILED

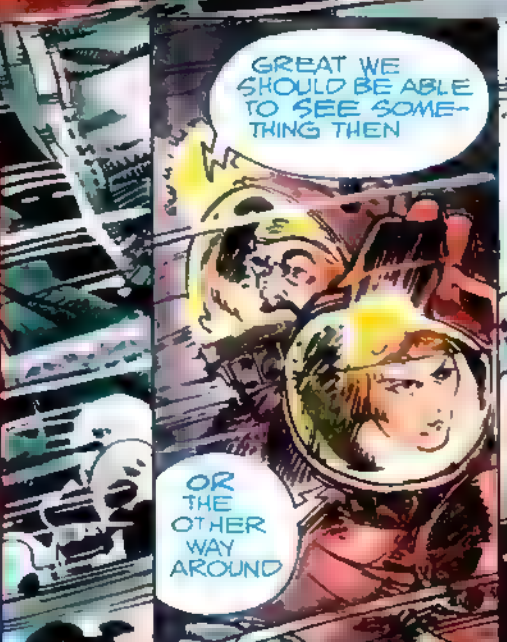


DUST AND
WIND ONLY GET
WORSE AS WE
GO DAMN
BEAM IS
FADING OUT.

STILL
WITH US,
ASH? HOW
LONG 'TIL
SUN UP?

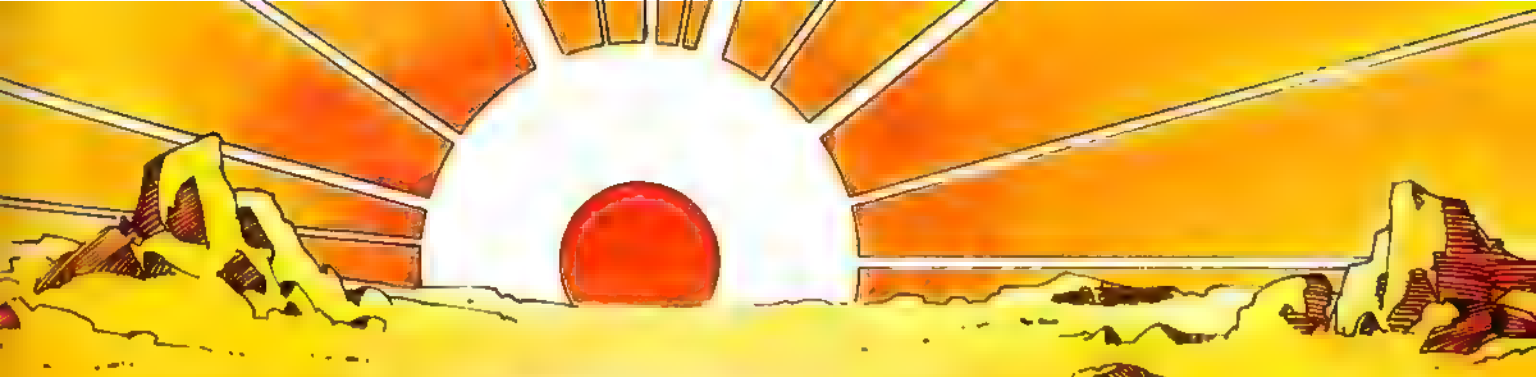


YOU'LL
HAVE DAY-
LIGHT IN
ABOUT TEN
MINUTES,
DALLAS.



GREAT WE
SHOULD BE ABLE
TO SEE SOME-
THING THEN

OR
THE
OTHER
WAY
AROUND



THERE. FOUR PANEL IS BACK IN SHAPE. YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE REST.

DON'T WORRY.

IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE... I'LL BE ON THE BRIDGE.

RIGHT.

BITCH.

ASH, I'M BACK. HOW'S IT GOING?

ALL RIGHT

HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING THE TRANSMISSION THROUGH EC/JL?

MOTHER HASN'T IDENTIFIED IT YET, RIPLEY.

I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT.

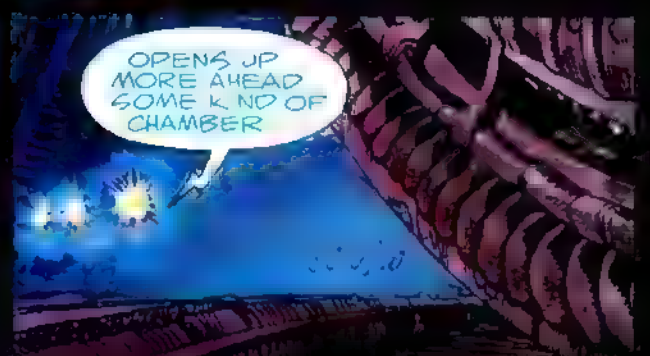
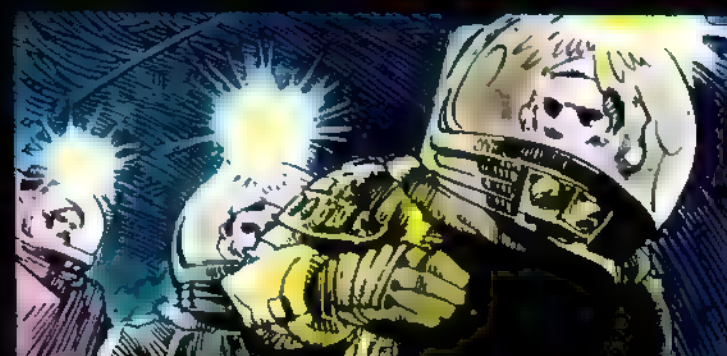
BE MY GUEST

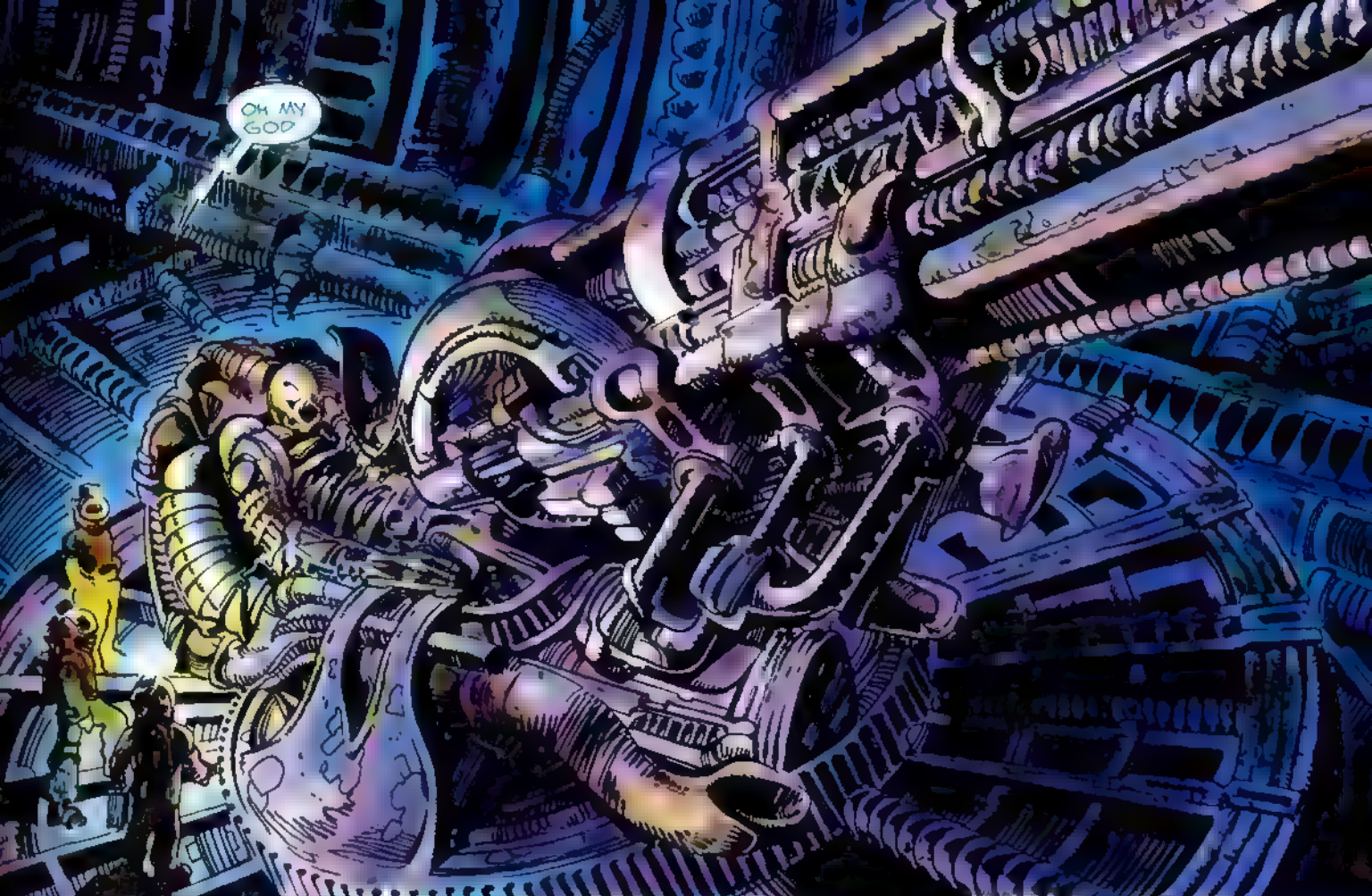
HERE'S OUR SUNLIGHT

DUST IS SETTLING TOO, DALLAS. SIGNAL'S COMING BACK UP. STRONG

LOOK SHARP A LITTLE MORE CLEARING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO--

JESUS CHRIST.





OH MY GOD



W-WHAT IS IT?



ALIEN LIFE-FORM



LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME. FOSSILIZED.



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, DALLAS

NOT YET, LAMBERT



I WANT TO SEE IF--

THAT STOPPED THE TRANSMISSION

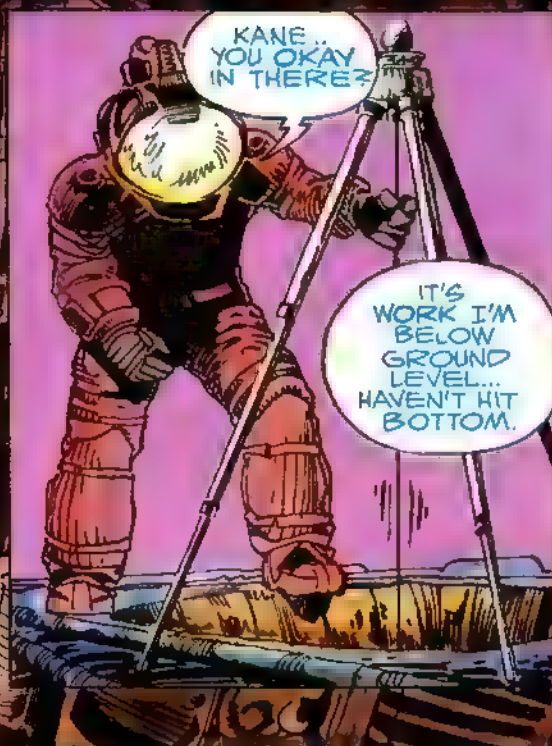


LOOK AT THIS, DALLAS JUST GOES DOWN...

CAN'T SEE BOTTOM LIGHT WON'T REACH



THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE, KANE

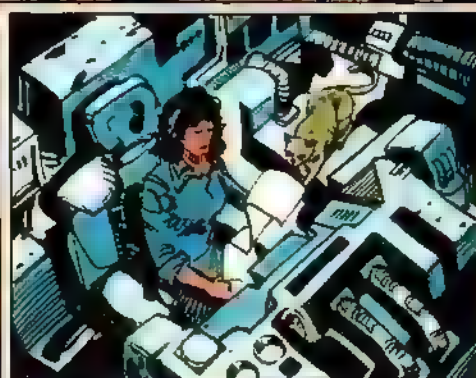


KANE...
YOU OKAY
IN THERE?

IT'S
WORK I'M
BELOW
GROUND
LEVEL...
HAVEN'T HIT
BOTTOM.

REMEMBER.
OUT IN UNDER
TEN MINUTES
AND DON'T UNHOOK
FROM THE
CABLE.

AYE, AYE,
SKIPPER



ASH?... RIPLEY. MOTHER'S
DECIPHERED PART OF
THAT TRANSMISSION.

I'M
AFRAID
IT MAY
NOT
BE
AN
S.O.S.



THEN
WHAT
IS
IT...?

SHE
THINKS
IT MAY
BE A
WARNING.



WE'VE GOT
TO GET THROUGH
TO THEM. RIGHT
AWAY.

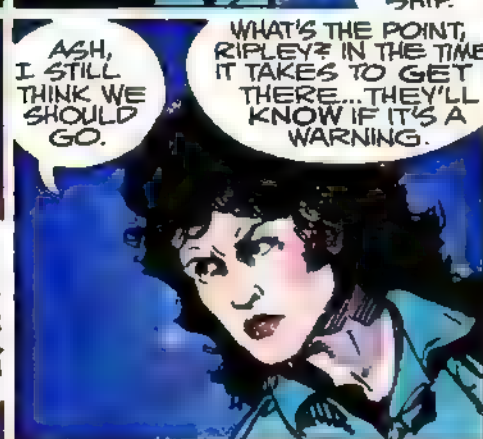
NO
USE. NOT
WHILE
THEY'RE
INSIDE
THAT
SHIP?



THEN I'M
GOING OUT
AFTER
THEM

I DON'T
THINK
SO.

WE'RE AT
MINIMUM
TAKEOFF
CAPABILITY
NOW. THAT'S
WHY DALLAS
LEFT US ON
BOARD



ASH,
I STILL
THINK WE
SHOULD
GO.

WHAT'S THE POINT,
RIPLEY? IN THE TIME
IT TAKES TO GET
THERE... THEY'LL
KNOW IF IT'S A
WARNING.

YOU STILL ALL
RIGHT, KANE? SEE
ANYTHING?

I'M IN SOME
KIND OF CAVE
OR SOMETHING.
DALLAS HOT...NO
OXYGEN. HIGH
NITROGEN
CONTENT
AND--

THIS IS
WEIRD!

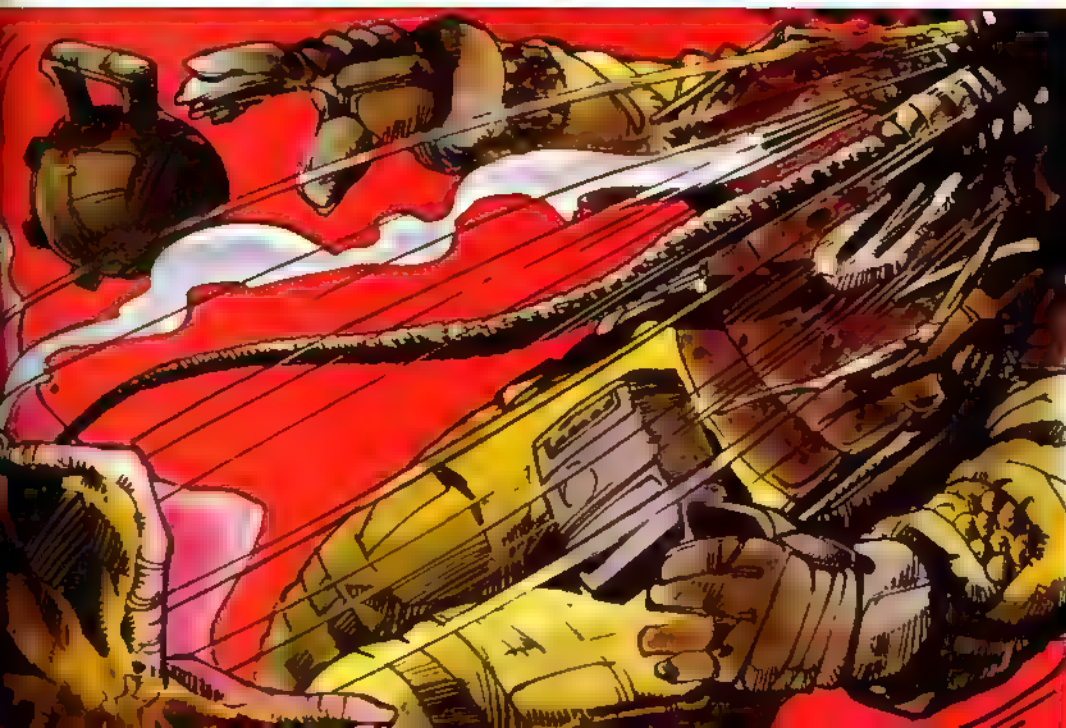
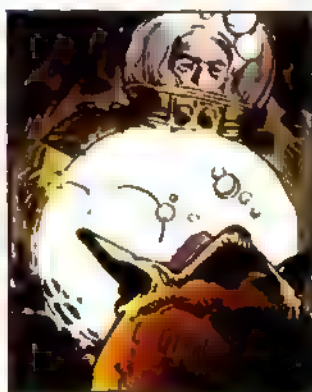
PLACE IS FULL
OF SOME SORT OF
LEATHERY THINGS

IT'S LIKE A
STORAGE
AREA FOR
THEM

CAN YOU
SEE INSIDE
ANY OF THE
THINGS?

SEEMS
TO BE
SEALED.

STRANGE
FEELING TO IT...
WONDER IF ALL
THE OTHERS..



KANE!
WHAT IS
IT?
KANE!
ANSWER

SUNSET...

WE'VE
GOT
THEM,
RIPLEY..

...THEY'RE
BACK ON THE
SCREENS.

DALLAS? DALLAS,
CAN YOU READ ME?

WE HEAR
YOU, RIPLEY
WE'RE COMING
BACK KANE'S
INJURED WE'LL
NEED SOME
HELP GETTING
HIM 'N

ASH, RIPLEY.
I'M ON MY WAY TO
THE INNER-LOCK
HATCH.

UH... DALLAS?
WHAT EXACTLY
HAPPENED
TO KANE?

SOME... SOME KIND OF
ORGANISM. IT'S ATTACHED
ITSELF TO HIM

WE'RE COMING
UP NOW. GOTTA
GET HIM TO THE
INFIRMARY.

I NEED
A CLEAR
DEFINITION,
DALLAS

JUST OPEN
THE HATCH,
RIPLEY

WAIT A MINUTE
IF WE LET IT IN, THE
SHIP COULD BE
INFECTED. YOU
KNOW THE
PROCEDURE..

..TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS
FOR DECON-
TAMINATION.

RIPLEY, HE COULD
DIE IN TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS. OPEN
THE HATCH!

IF I BREAK
QUARANTINE, WE
MAY ALL DIE,
DALLAS IF YOU
WERE IN MY
POSITION...

..YOU'D
DO THE
SAME.

OPEN THE GODDAM
HATCH! WE HAVE TO
GET HIM INSIDE!

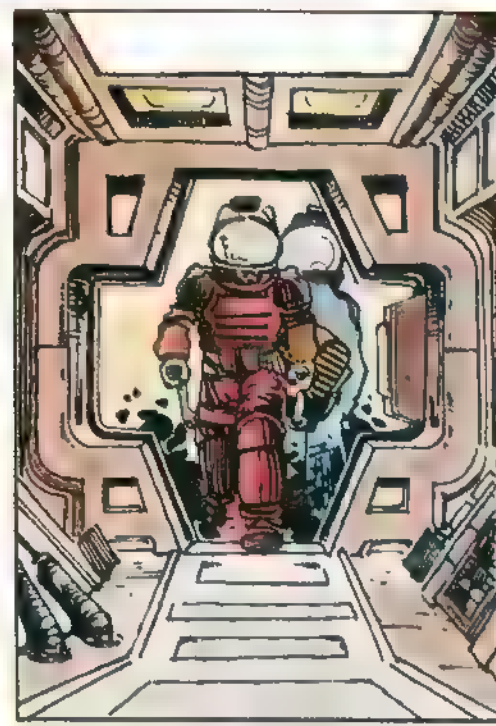
..THE
ANSWER IS
NEGATIVE

KLIK

RIPLEY,
DO YOU
HEAR
US?

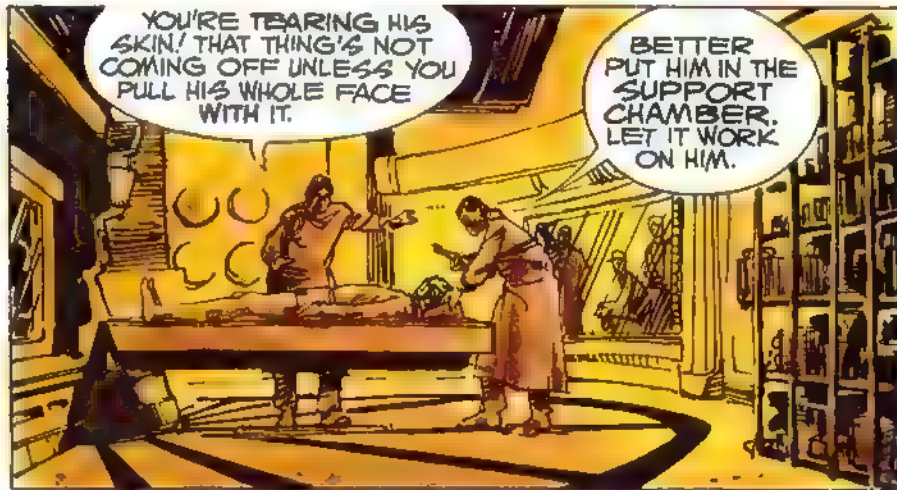
I READ
BOTH YOU AND
LAMBERT,
CAPTAIN.

INNER HATCH OPEN



THE INFIRMARY. A LIFE FORM SLOWLY PULSES. PULSES ON THE FACE OF THE NOSTROMO'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE... BURNED RIGHT THROUGH THE VIEWPLATE OF HIS HELMET, ASH.





HOW'S IT GOING WITH KANE? HAVE THEY LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT--



RIPLEY...!



YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE US OUT THERE!



MAYBE SHE SHOULD HAVE, LAMBERT WHO THE HELL KNOWS WHAT THAT IS.

I WAS TRYING TO DO MY JOB. LET'S DROP IT AT THAT.



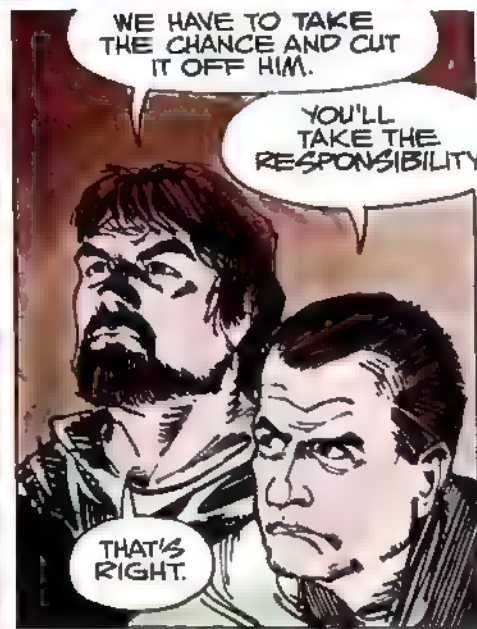
ASH, IT'S GOT SOMETHING DOWN HIS GODDAM THROAT.

THAT MUST BE HOW IT'S GETTING OXYGEN TO HIM.



DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. IT PARALYZES HIM, PUTS HIM INTO A COMA... THEN KEEPS HIM ALIVE. WE HAVE TO GET IT OFF SOMEHOW.

DALLAS, REMOVING THE CREATURE NOW MAY TERMINATE KANE.



WE HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE AND CUT IT OFF HIM.

YOU'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY?

THAT'S RIGHT.



VERY WELL...



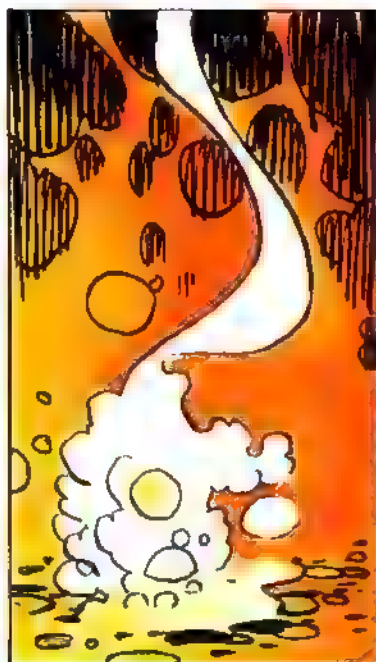
...LET'S SEE WHAT EFFECT THE LASER SCALPEL HAS.





WATCH OUT.
IT'S STARTING TO
BLEED.

ASH!
WHERE THAT
STUFF IS
GUSHING ONTO
THE FLOOR...



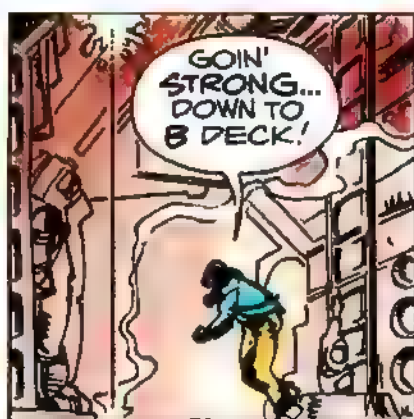
SHIT! IT'S
GONNA EAT
THROUGH
THE DECKS
AND OUT THE
HULL!

PARKER!

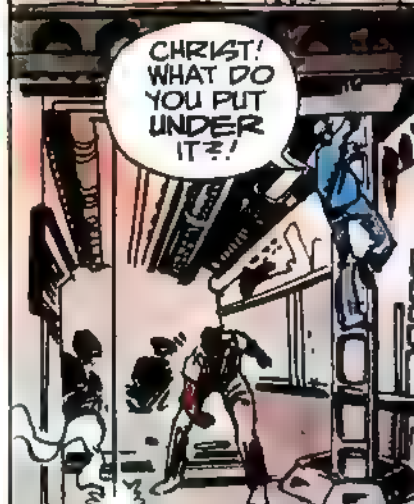
BRETT!



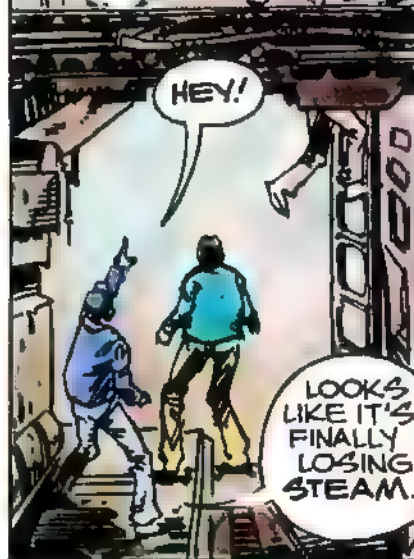
COME
ON!



GOIN'
STRONG...
DOWN TO
B DECK!

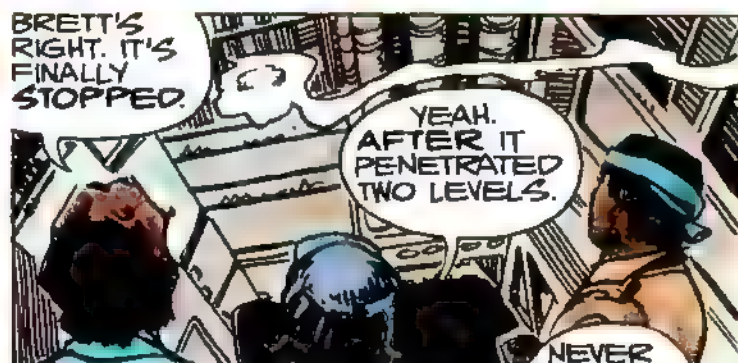


CHRIST!
WHAT DO
YOU PUT
UNDER
IT?!



HEY!

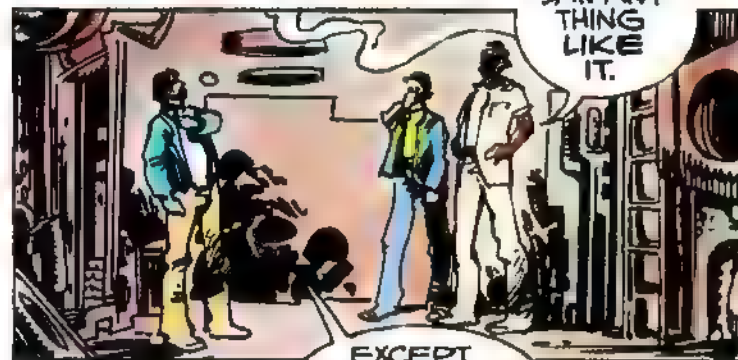
LOOKS
LIKE IT'S
FINALLY
LOSING
STEAM.



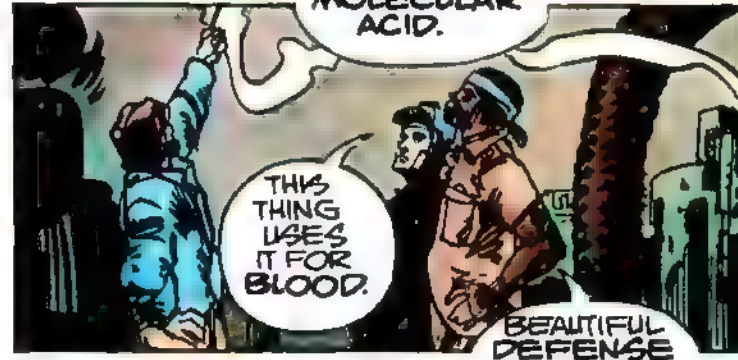
BRETT'S
RIGHT. IT'S
FINALLY
STOPPED.

YEAH.
AFTER IT
PENETRATED
TWO LEVELS.

NEVER
SAW ANY-
THING
LIKE
IT.



EXCEPT
MOLECULAR
ACID.

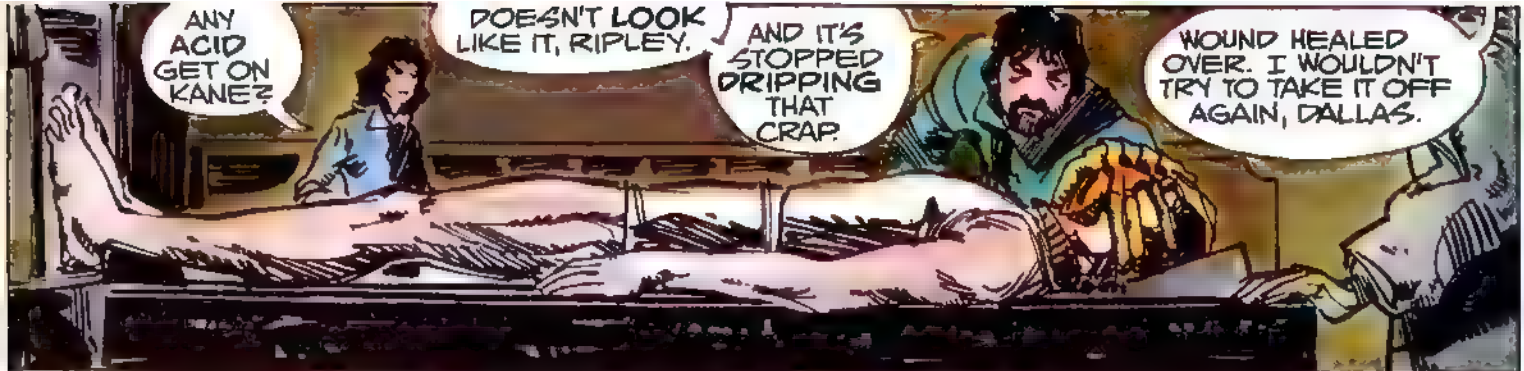


THIS
THING
USES
IT FOR
BLOOD.

BEAUTIFUL
DEFENSE
MECHANISM.



YOU
DON'T
DARE
KILL
IT.

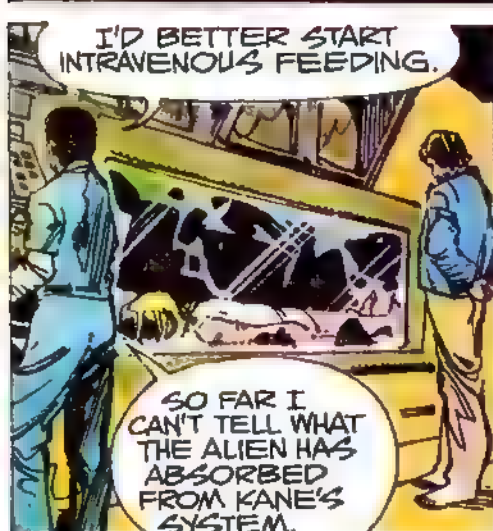


ANY ACID GET ON KANE?

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT, RIPLEY.

AND IT'S STOPPED DRIPPING THAT CRAP.

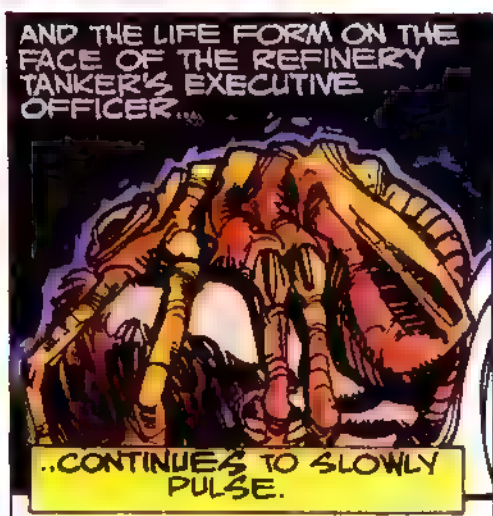
WOUND HEALED OVER. I WOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE IT OFF AGAIN, DALLAS.



I'D BETTER START INTRAVENOUS FEEDING.

SO FAR THINGS AIN'T WORKING OUT REAL GOOD TODAY.

SO FAR I CAN'T TELL WHAT THE ALIEN HAS ABSORBED FROM KANE'S SYSTEM.



AND THE LIFE FORM ON THE FACE OF THE REFINERY TANKER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

..CONTINUES TO SLOWLY PULSE.



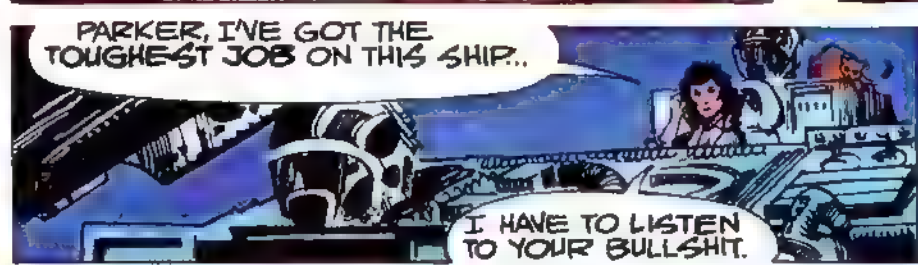
PARKER/ BRETT/ IS TWELVE MODULE FIXED? WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?

I'LL TELL HER WHAT'S HAPPENING. MY JOHN-SON IS HAPPENING.



LOT OF HARD WORK, RIPLEY.

REAL WORK. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOME TIME.



PARKER, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST JOB ON THIS SHIP..

I HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR BULLSHIT.



ANYTHING NEW ON THE CREATURE, ASH?

IT'S COMBINED OF PROTEIN POLYSACCHARIDES AND POLARIZED SILICON...

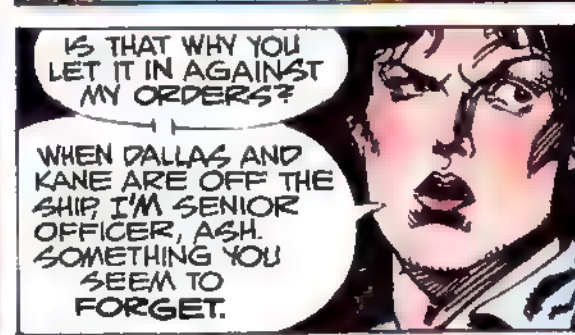
...GIVING IT PROLONGED RESISTANCE TO ADVERSE CONDITIONS. ENOUGH?



PLENTY. WHAT'S IT MEAN?

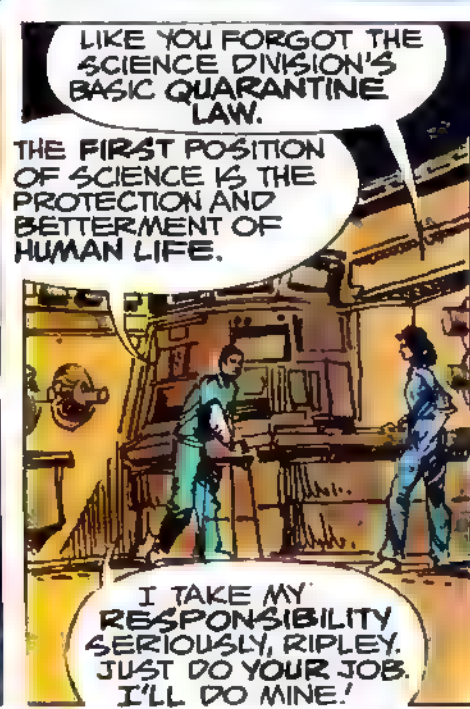
IT'S PRACTICALLY INVULNERABLE.

ONE TOUGH LITTLE SON OF A BITCH!



IS THAT WHY YOU LET IT IN AGAINST MY ORDERS?

WHEN DALLAS AND KANE ARE OFF THE SHIP I'M SENIOR OFFICER, ASH. SOMETHING YOU SEEM TO FORGET.



LIKE YOU FORGOT THE SCIENCE DIVISION'S BASIC QUARANTINE LAW.

THE FIRST POSITION OF SCIENCE IS THE PROTECTION AND BETTERMENT OF HUMAN LIFE.

I TAKE MY RESPONSIBILITY SERIOUSLY, RIPLEY. JUST DO YOUR JOB. I'LL DO MINE!

OUTSIDE, THE WINDS SHRIEK.
DUST POUNDS THE NOSTROMO'S
HULL. AND TIME PASSES.

DALLAS, IT'S
ASH. PERHAPS
YOU AND RIPLEY
SHOULD COME HAVE A
LOOK AT KANE.
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED.

SERIOUS?

INTERESTING.



IT'S
GONE!

DOOR'S CLOSED,
DALLAS. IT MUST
STILL BE IN HERE.



THERE ARE
PLENTY OF NOOKS
AND CRANNIES
WHERE IT CAN
HIDE.

BETTER
USE LIGHT
PROBES.

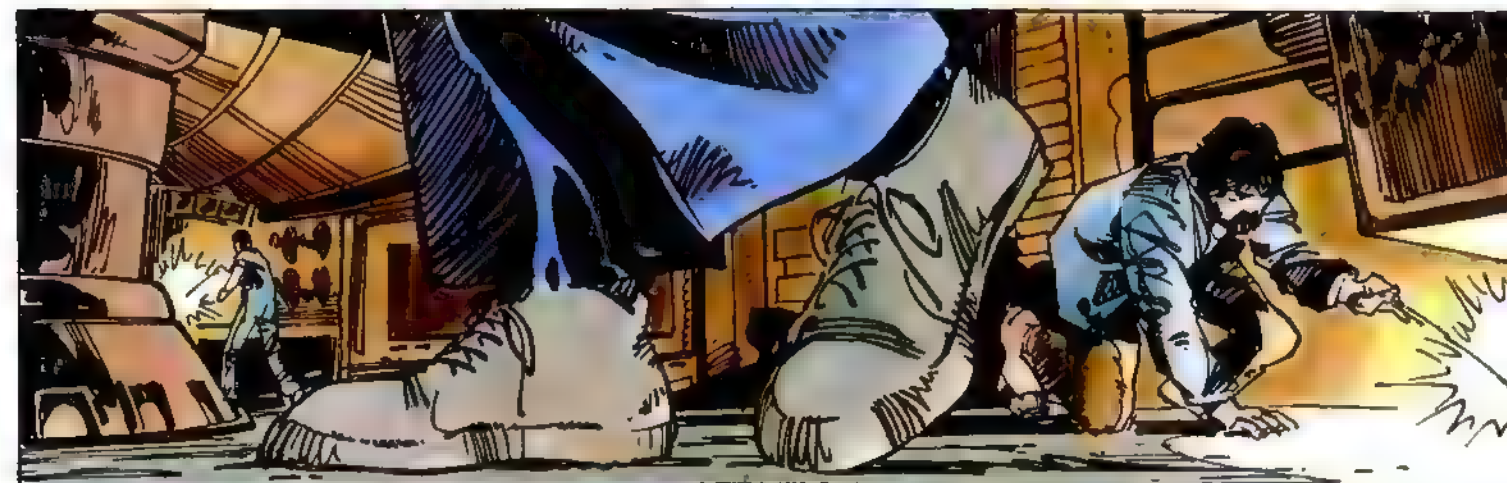


BUT
WHATEVER
YOU DO, DON'T
DAMAGE IT.

YEAH,
CAN'T GRAB
IT... CAN'T
KILL IT.



LET'S HOPE
TO HELL THERE'S
A WAY WE CAN
CATCH IT.





YOU OKAY?

YEAH.



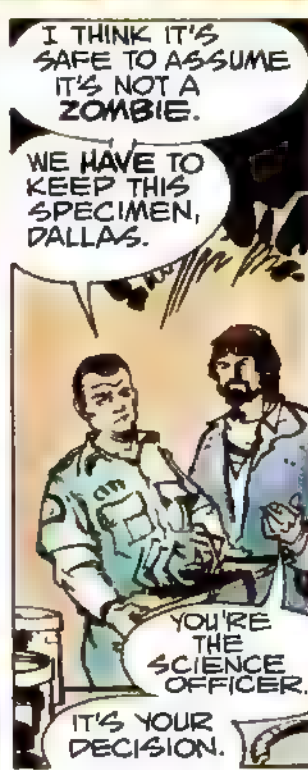
IT'S DEAD. HARDENING. NO LIFE SIGNS WHATEVER.

LET'S GET RID OF IT.



THIS HAS TO GO BACK TO EARTH, RIPLEY. OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH A SPECIMEN LIKE THIS. ALL KINDS OF TESTS NEED TO BE RUN.

THE THING BLEED ACID, ASH. GOD KNOWS WHAT IT'LL DO WHEN IT'S DEAD.

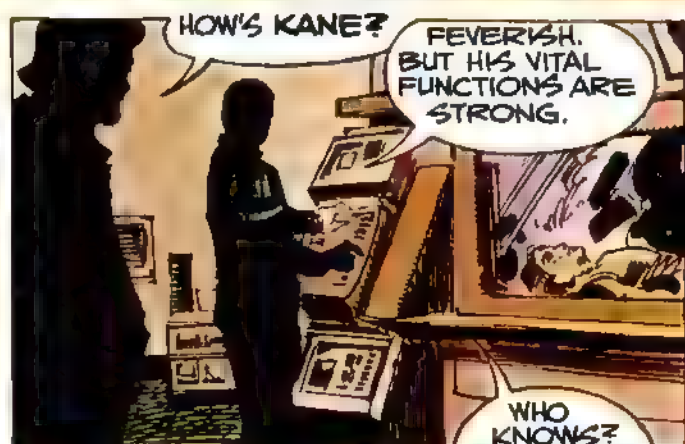


I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME IT'S NOT A ZOMBIE.

WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS SPECIMEN, DALLAS.

YOU'RE THE SCIENCE OFFICER.

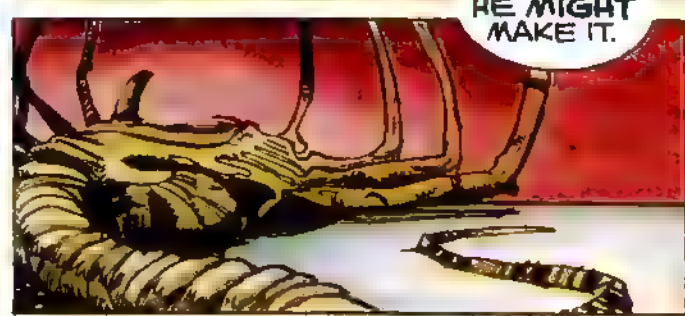
IT'S YOUR DECISION.

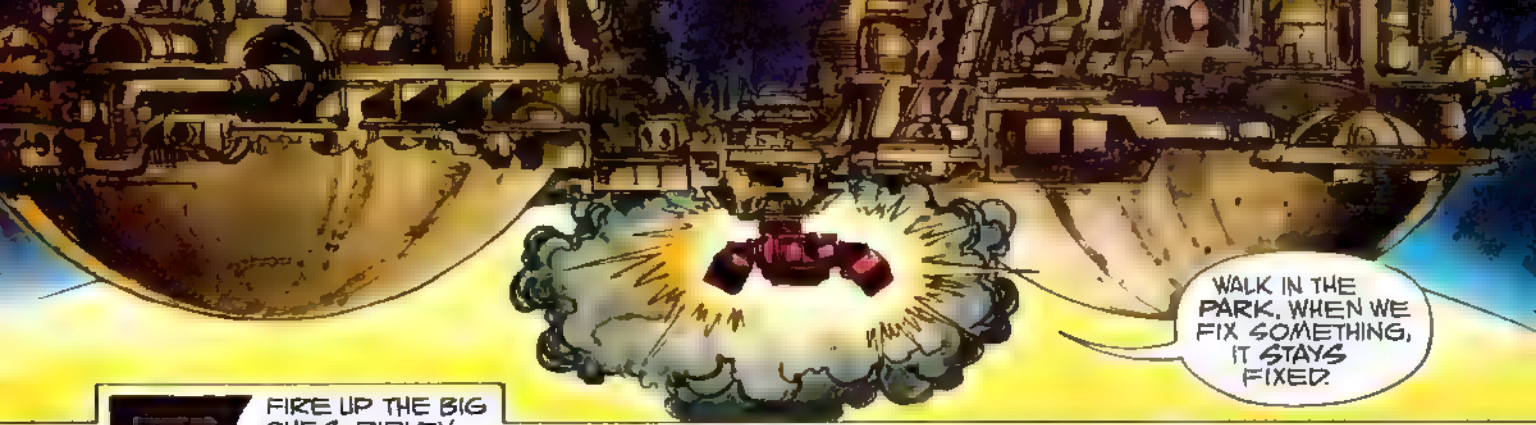


HOW'S KANE?

FEVERISH. BUT HIS VITAL FUNCTIONS ARE STRONG.

WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT MAKE IT.

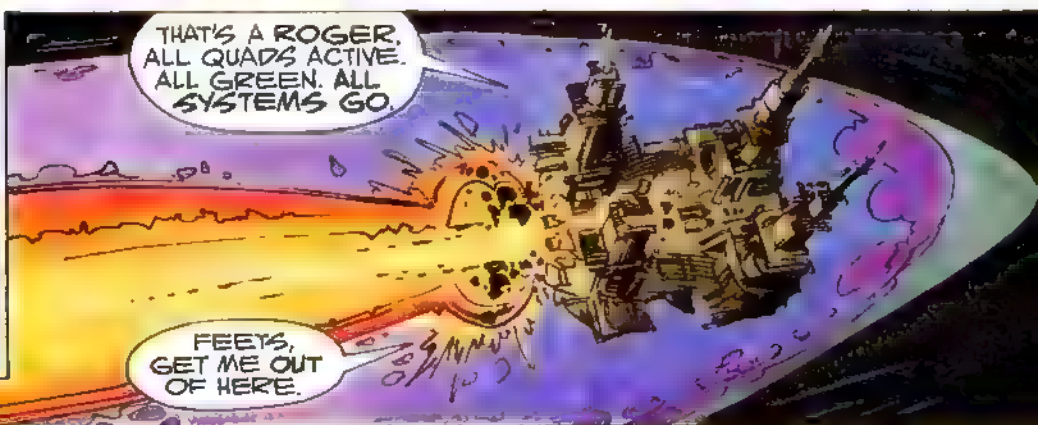




WALK IN THE PARK, WHEN WE FIX SOMETHING, IT STAYS FIXED



FIRE UP THE BIG ONES, RIPLEY. LETS GO HOME.



THAT'S A ROGER. ALL QUADS ACTIVE. ALL GREEN. ALL SYSTEMS GO.

FEEES, GET ME OUT OF HERE.



WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN WITH KANE NOW, DALLAS? MAYBE BEST TO JUST FREEZE HIM. STOP THE DISEASE. LET THE DOGS ON EARTH LOOK AT HIM.

RIGHT

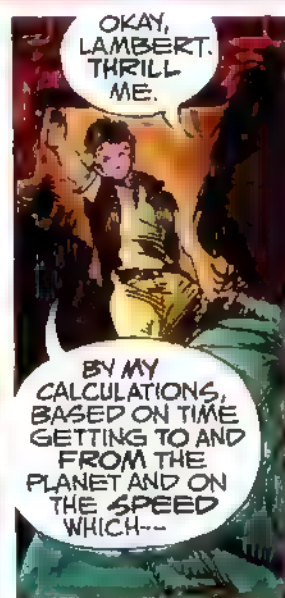
YOU KNOW, BRETT, WHENEVER PARKER SAYS ANYTHING, YOU SAY "RIGHT."

RIGHT.

KNOCK IT OFF. KANE WILL HAVE TO GO INTO QUARANTINE.

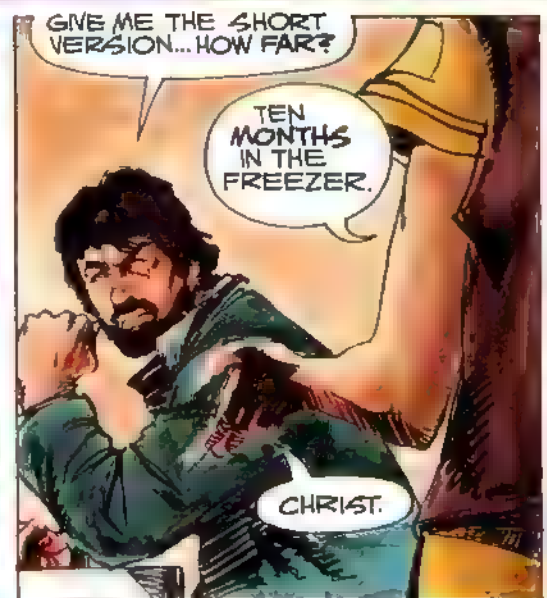
YEAH. AND SO WILL WE.

HOW ABOUT SOMETHING TO LOWER YOUR SPIRITS?



OKAY, LAMBERT. THRILL ME.

BY MY CALCULATIONS, BASED ON TIME GETTING TO AND FROM THE PLANET AND ON THE SPEED WHICH--



GIVE ME THE SHORT VERSION...HOW FAR?

TEN MONTHS IN THE FREEZER.

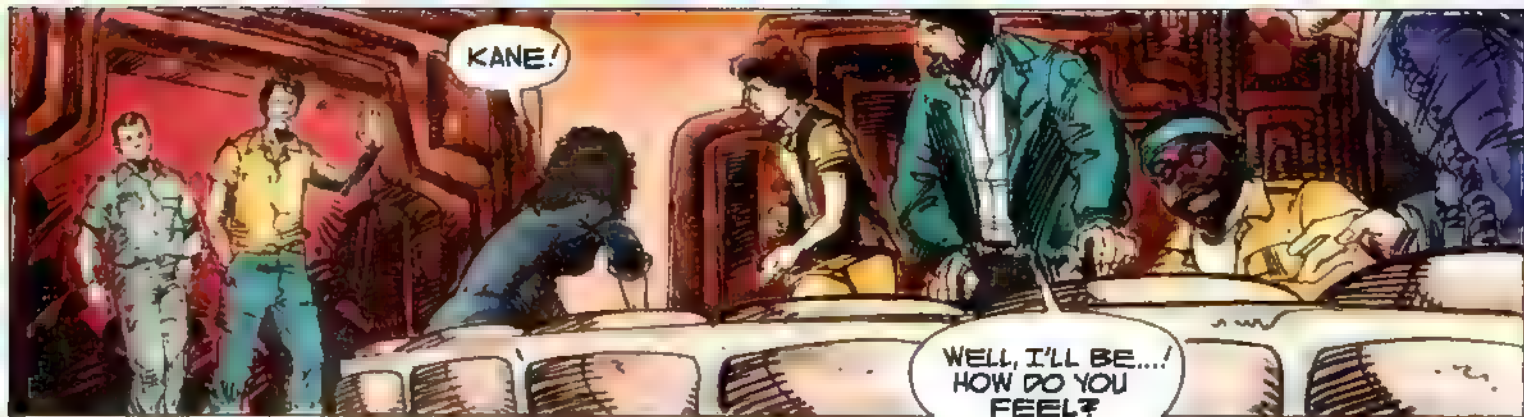
CHRIST.



BEEP



THIS IS ASH, DALLAS. I THINK YOU CAN SET AN EXTRA PLACE FOR DINNER.



KANE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!
HOW DO YOU
FEEL?

ROTTEN. LIKE SOME-
BODY'S BEEN HITTING
ME WITH A STICK.



AND I'M
STARVING.
NEED SOME
FOOD.



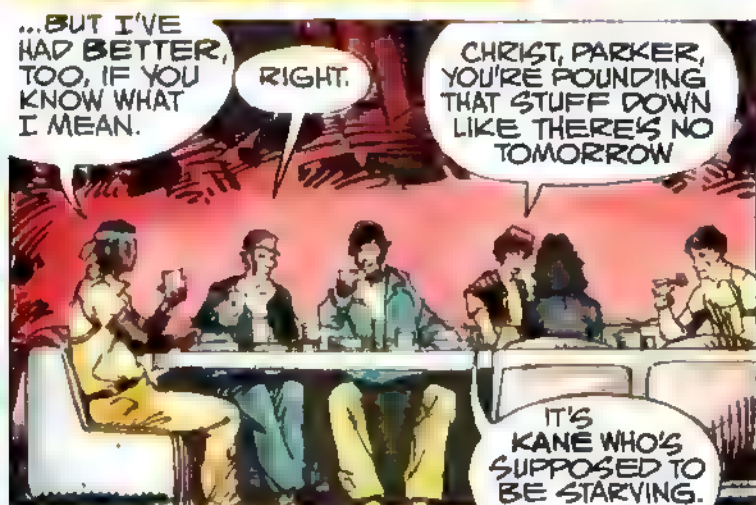
YOU GOT IT.

ONE
MEAL
BEFORE
BED. I'M
BUYING.



FIRST THING I'M GOING TO
DO WHEN WE'RE BACK IS GET
SOMETHING DECENT TO EAT.

I'VE HAD
WORSE THAN
THIS...



RIGHT.

CHRIST, PARKER,
YOU'RE POUNDING
THAT STUFF DOWN
LIKE THERE'S NO
TOMORROW

IT'S
KANE WHO'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE STARVING.



MAN WORKS HARD, HE
GETS HUNGRY, LAMBERT.
AND I DON'T THINK ABOUT
WHAT THIS STUFF IS
MADE OF SO--

KANE!
WHAT--?

D-DON'T
KNOW... FEELS
LIKE...



...CRAMPS! OH,
GOD! IT HURTS SO
MUCH! IT HURTS!



COME ON, MAN!
THIS SHIT ISN'T
THAT BAD.

BREATHE
DEEPLY, KANE.

TRY TO TELL US
EXACTLY WHERE
IT--



M-MY... MY... OHMY
GOOAAAH!

ERUPTION! A
SCARLET SHOWER
OF FLESH, OF
BLOOD.



IT MOVES.

FASTER THAN
THE EYE
CAN FOLLOW...

...MORE THAN
THE MIND CAN
ACCEPT.

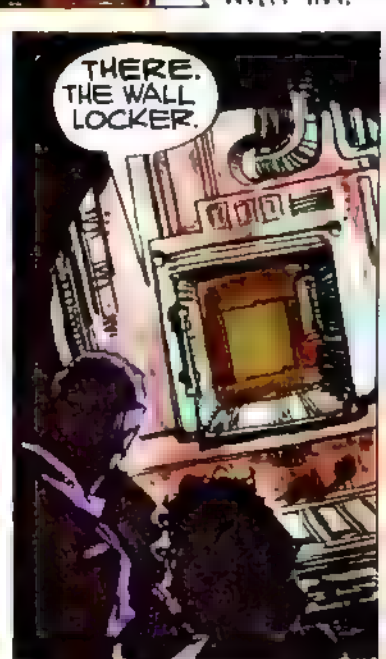
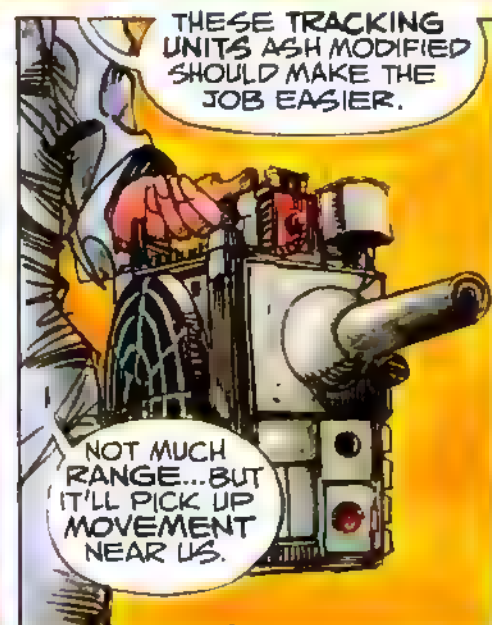
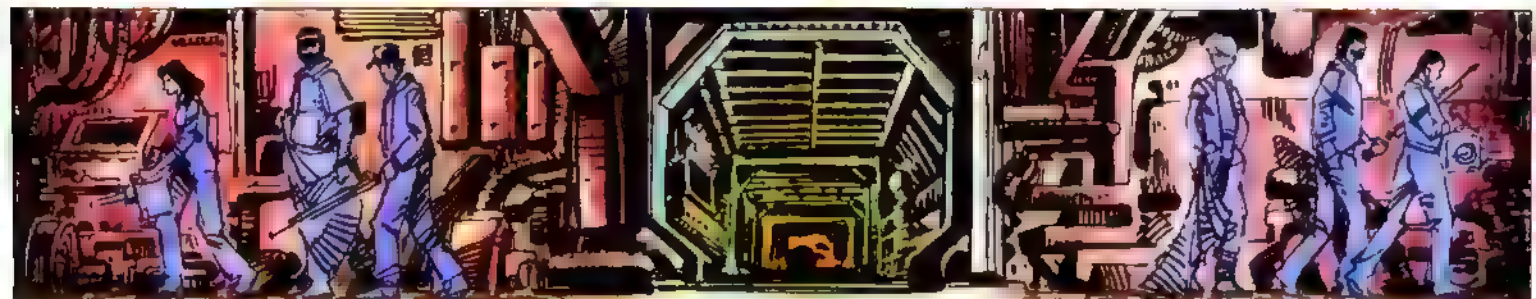
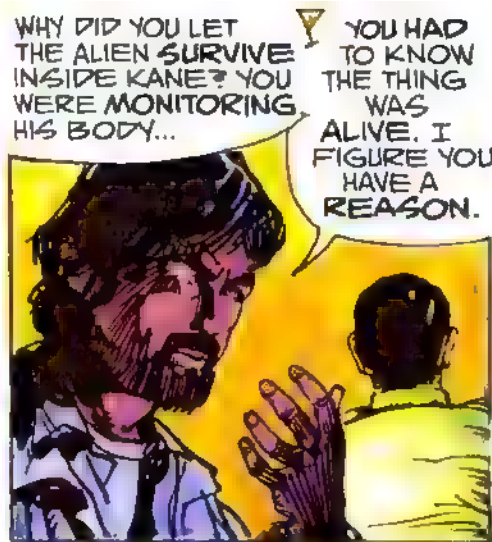
NO NO NO
NO NO NO

PARKER. PARKER.

TAKE BRETT AND
SEAL OFF THE
IMMEDIATE
AREA.

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND THE LITTLE
BASTARD.

AND
KILL
IT.





READY...?

YEAH.



NOW!

WE GOT 'IM!
WE GOT THAT
LITTLE--



OH,
CRAP!

WAIT,
BRETT!
DON'T--

IT'S ONLY
JONES. GODDAM
CAT.



NO,
BRETT!



HELL! LONG
AS JONES IS
LOOSE...HE'LL
KEEP SHOWING
UP ON THE
TRACKERS!



YOU LOST HIM,
BRETT. YOU GO
FIND HIM.

WE'LL
MOVE ON
AHEAD.

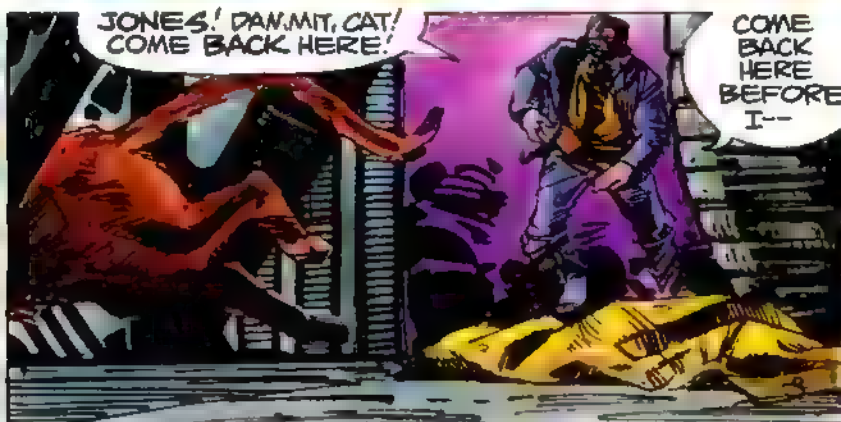


YEAH.

RIGHT.



JONES...!
HERE, KITTY...
HERE, JONES!



JONES! DAMN IT, CAT!
COME BACK HERE!

COME
BACK
HERE
BEFORE
I--



WHAT
IN HELL...?



SOME
KINDA...

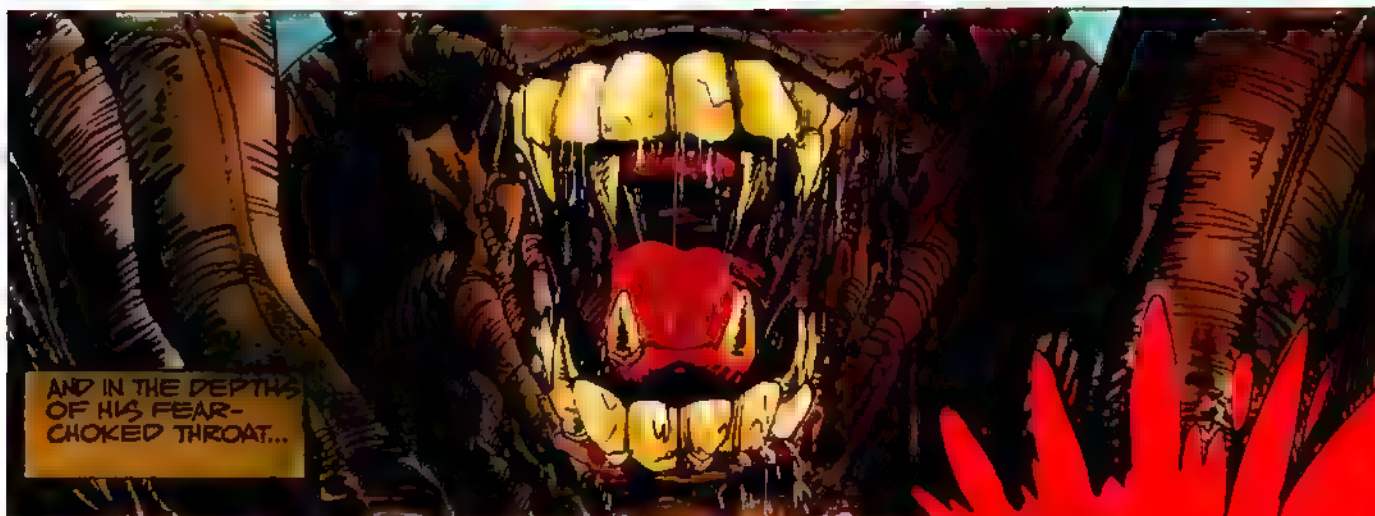
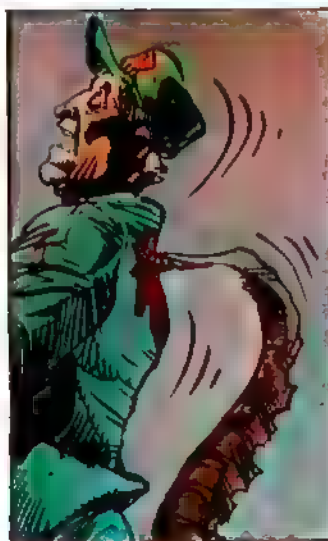
...SKIN?





BRETT TRIES
DESPERATELY
TO SCREAM.
THE SOUND IS
NOT IN HIM.



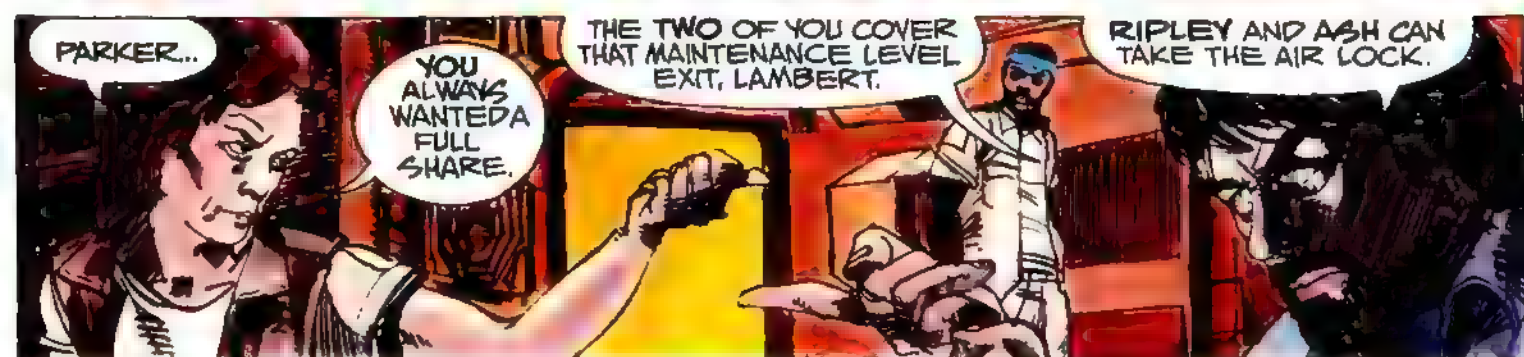
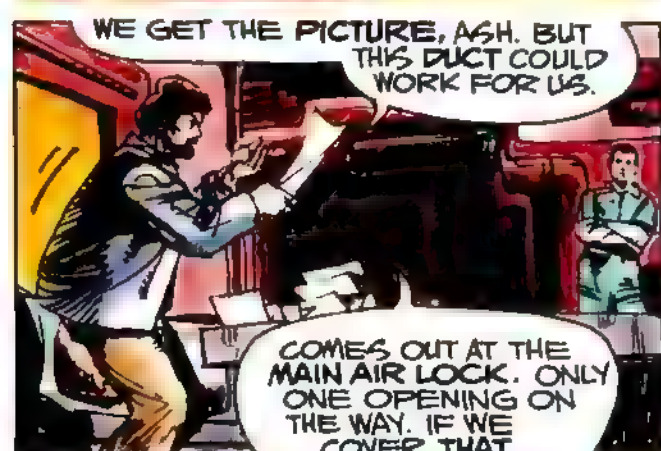


AND IN THE DEPTHS
OF HIS FEAR-
CHOKED THROAT...

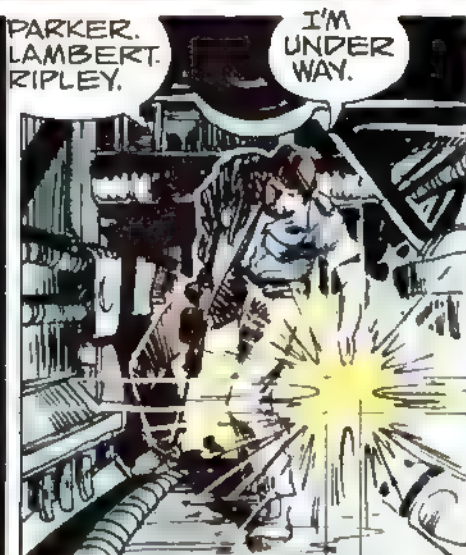
AAAAARRRG



BRETT FINDS
THE SCREAM



Request evaluation of procedure to terminate alien.
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
Request options to procedure.
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
What are my chances?
DOES NOT COMPUTE.



PARKER.
LAMBERT.
RIPLEY.

I'M
UNDER
WAY.



DO YOU
RECEIVE
ME?
OVER.



RIPLEY,
DALLAS YOU'RE
LOUD AND CLEAR
HERE AT THE AIR
LOCK VESTIBULE

LAMBERT,
DALLAS PARKER
AND I ARE AT
MAINTENANCE
LEVEL...

READ
YOU FINE.



PARKER IF IT TRIES TO COME OUT
THAT AUXILIARY OPENING, MAKE SURE
YOU DRIVE IT BACK IN. I'LL PUSH IT
FORWARD.

RIGHT.

I'LL TRY TO
PICK YOU UP
ON THE TRACKER,
DALLAS.



RIPLEY
AGAIN, DALLAS.
IF YOU'RE READY,
I'LL OPEN THE
LOCK.

DO IT.
I DON'T GET
ANY MORE READY
THAN THIS



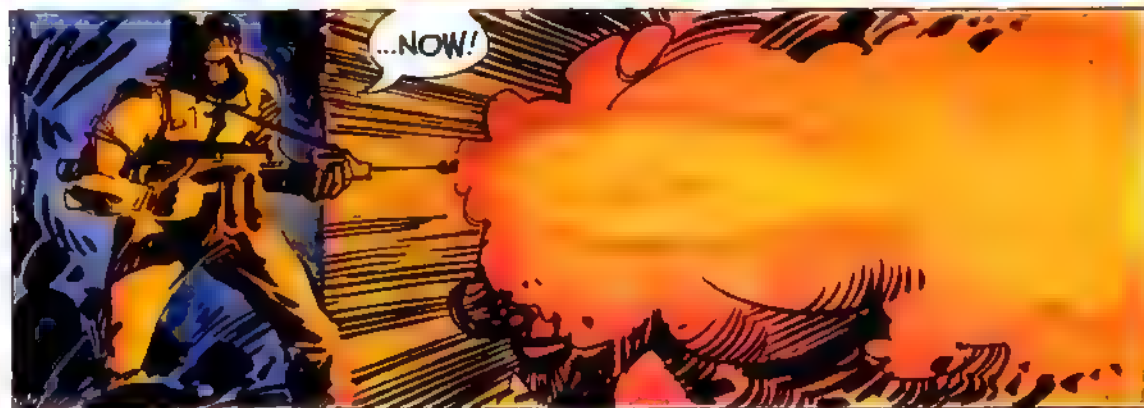
BEGINNING TO
GET A READING
ON YOU, DALLAS.



GOOD.
STAY WITH
ME.



I'VE REACHED A
CORNER, GOING
AROUND IT...



...NOW!



NOTHING.
MOVING
AHEAD

YOU'RE
PASSING
OUR POSITION,
DALLAS.

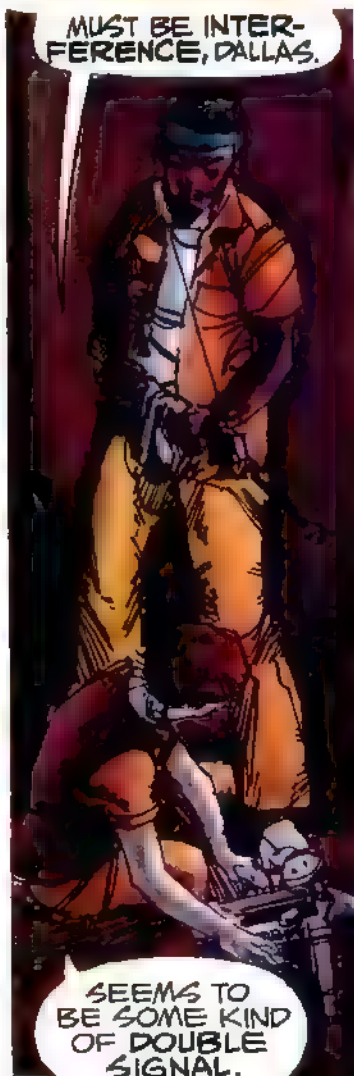
RIPLEY?



READ YOU
CLEAR

DON'T THINK
THIS SHAFT
GOES MUCH
FURTHER.

LAMBERT,
WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
NOW?



MUST BE INTER-
FERENCE, DALLAS.

SEEMS TO
BE SOME KIND
OF DOUBLE
SIGNAL.

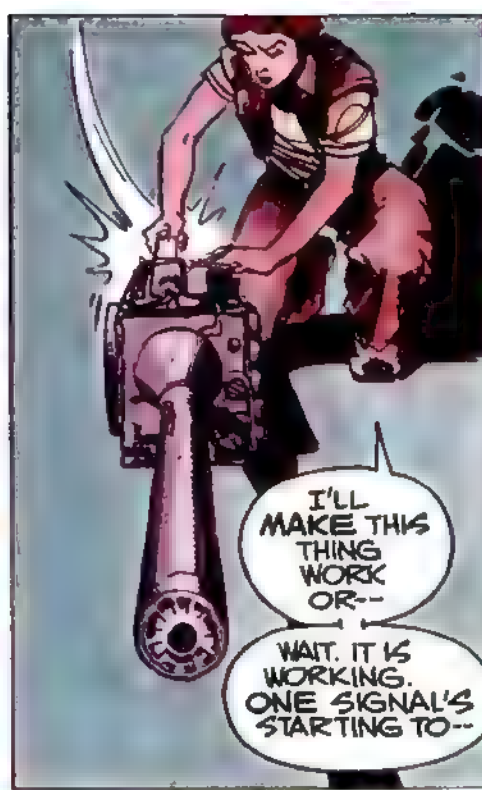


YEAH. WELL, ASH
IMPROVISED THOSE
TRACKERS PRETTY
FAST.

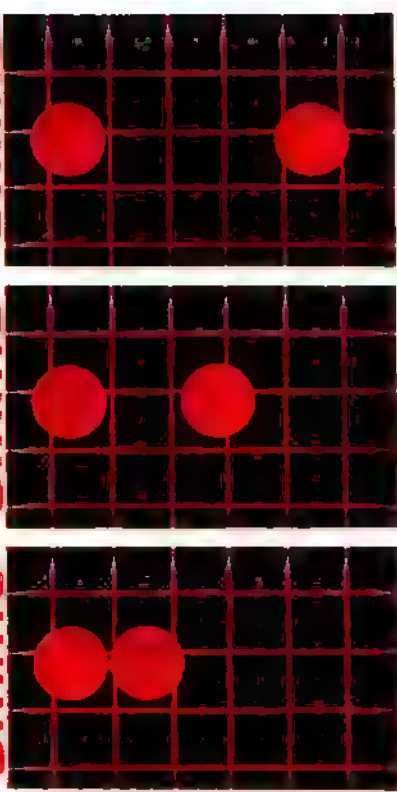
I'M AT A
REPAIR JUNCTION.
SHAFT HAS TWO
LEVELS. IS IT
CLEARER SINCE
I'VE STOPPED?

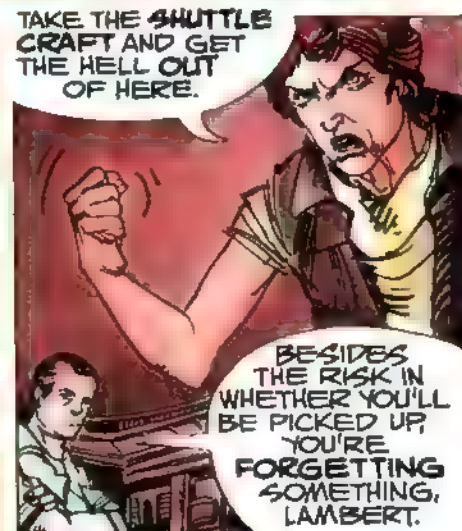
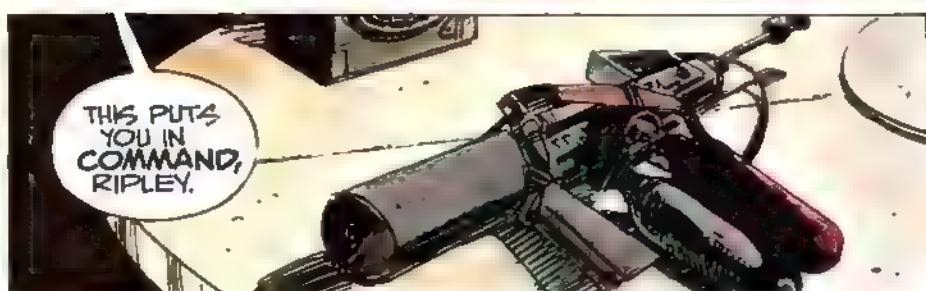
IT'S CLEAR,
ALL RIGHT BUT
I'M STILL
GETTING TWO
SIGNALS

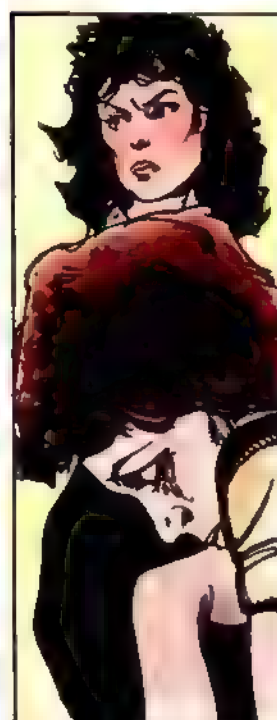
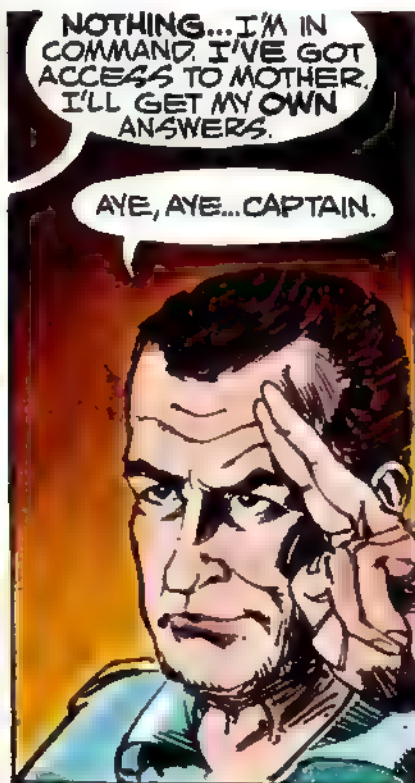
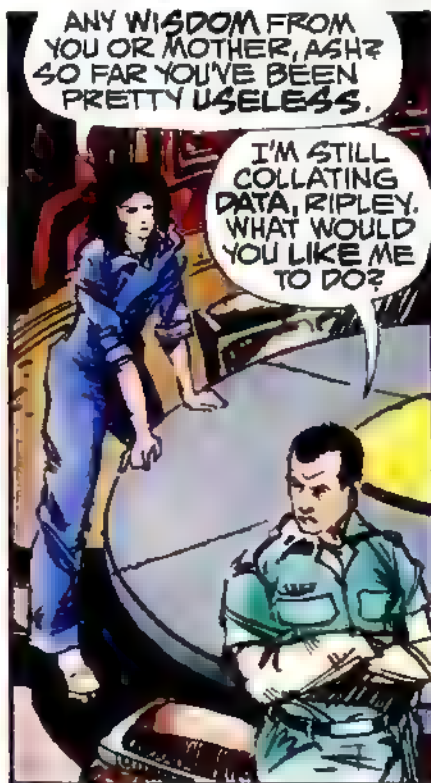
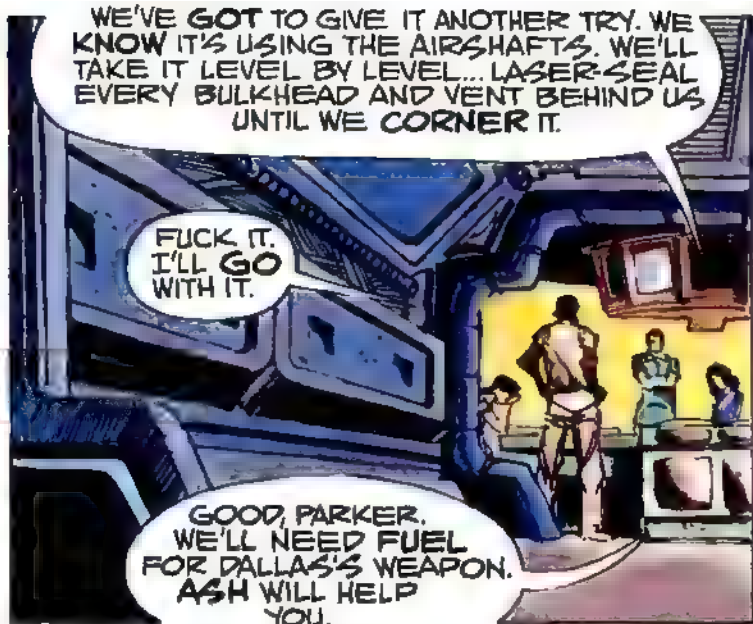
NOT SURE
WHICH ONE IS
WHICH.



REDACTED



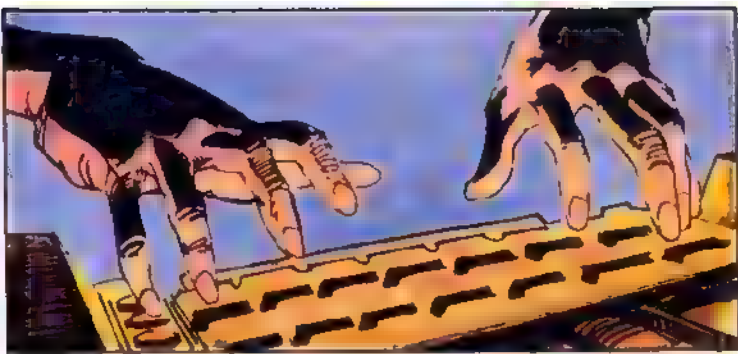






NOW, MOTHER. YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HELPED DALLAS MUCH.

MAYBE HE ASKED THE WRONG QUESTIONS.



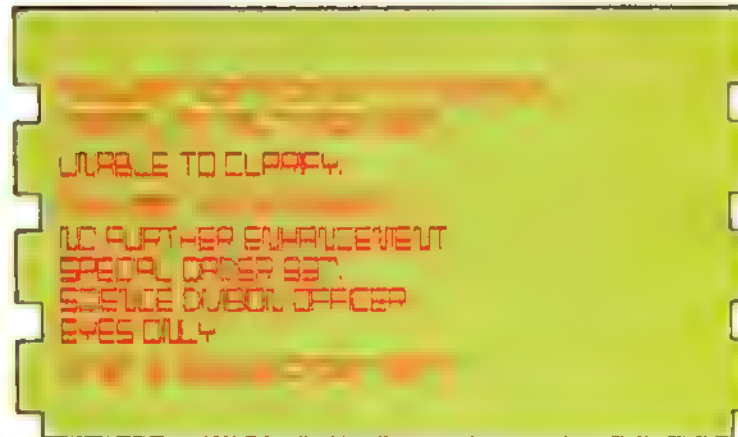
DAMN IT. NO ANSWER.



I'M GOING TO KEEP PUNCHING CODE COMBINATIONS...

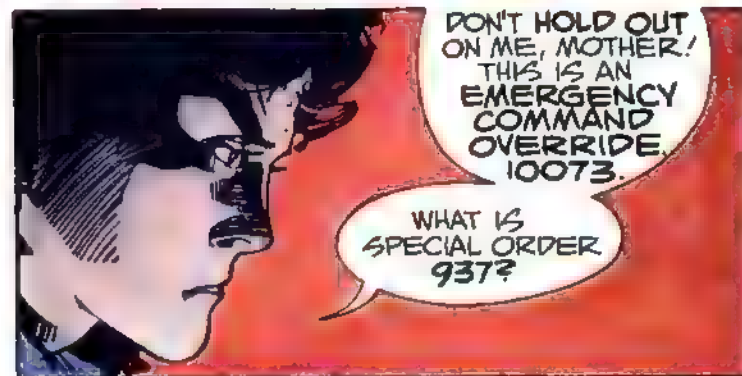
...UNTIL YOU HAVE ONE.

FINALLY...
...A SCREEN COMES TO LIFE.



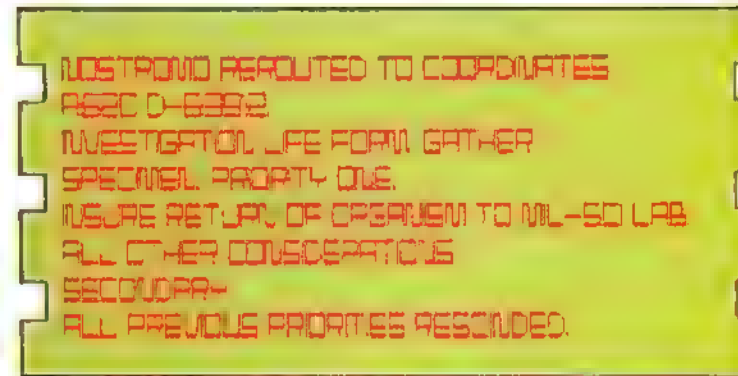
UNABLE TO CLARIFY.

NO FURTHER ENHANCEMENT
SPECIAL ORDER 937.
SECURITY DIVISION OFFICER
EYES ONLY



DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME, MOTHER!
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY
COMMAND OVERRIDE.
10073.

WHAT IS SPECIAL ORDER 937?



NUSTROMO REROUTED TO COORDINATES
R62C D-63392
INVESTIGATION LIFE FORM GATHER
SPECIMEN PRIORITY ONE.
INSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM TO MIL-50 LAB
ALL OTHER CONSECUTIONS
SECONDARY-
ALL PREVIOUS PRIORITIES RESCINDED.



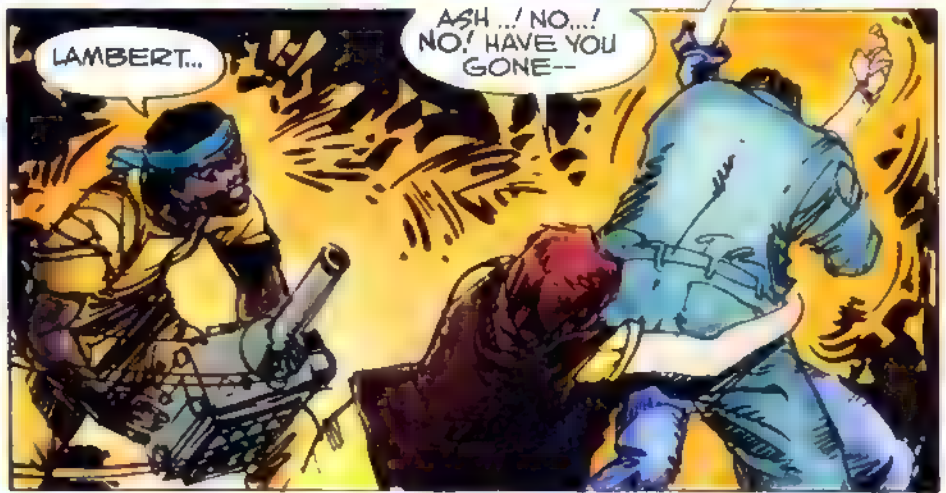
INSTINCT TELLS RIPLEY TO MOVE,
TO GET OUT. HER REACTIONS
ARE SWIFT. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE
THAT ASH SHOULD BE EVEN
SWIFTER.

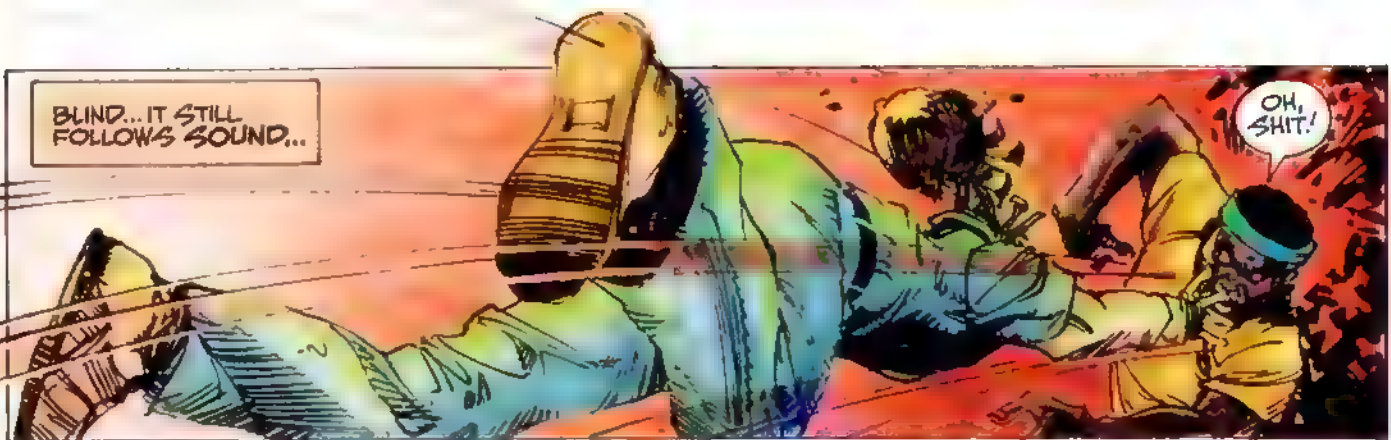
WAK

PARKER!
LAMBERT!

WAP

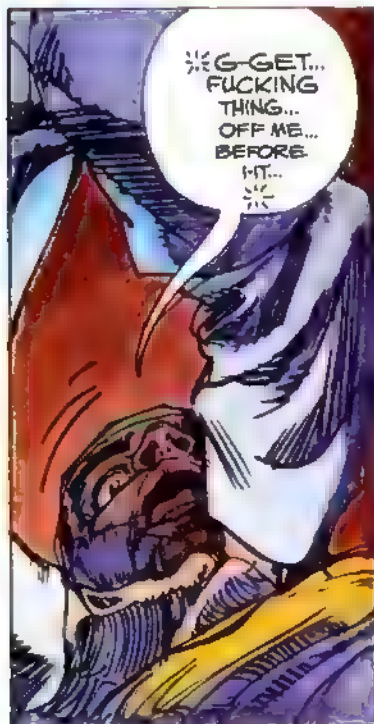




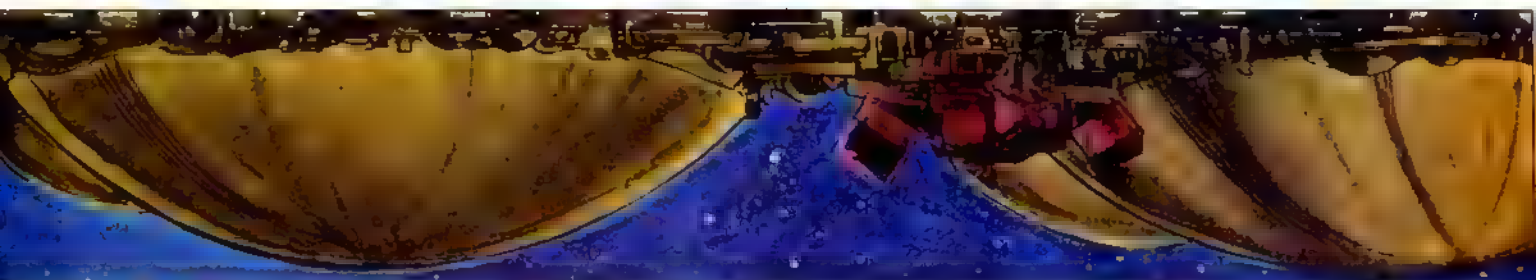
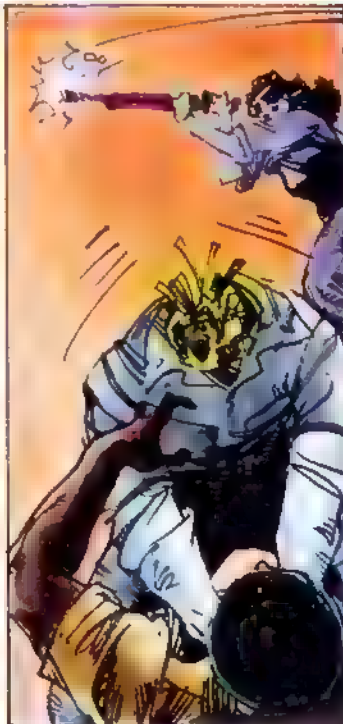


BLIND... IT STILL
FOLLOWS SOUND...

OH,
SHIT!



※G-GET...
FUCKING
THING...
OFF ME...
BEFORE
IT...
※



ASH HAS BEEN
PROTECTING THE
ALIEN UNDER ORDERS
FROM MIL/SCI



PROBABLY
WANTED IT
FOR BIO-
WEAPONS
RESEARCH

SOME COMPANY
WE WORK FOR!

ASH, CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

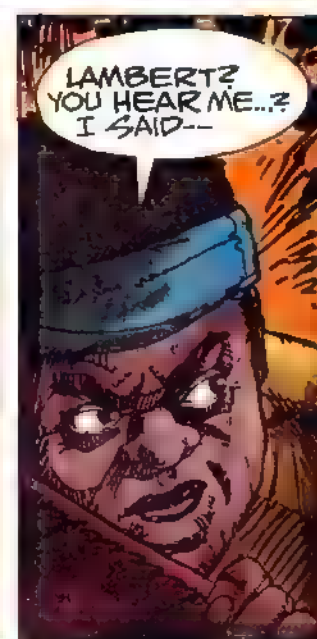
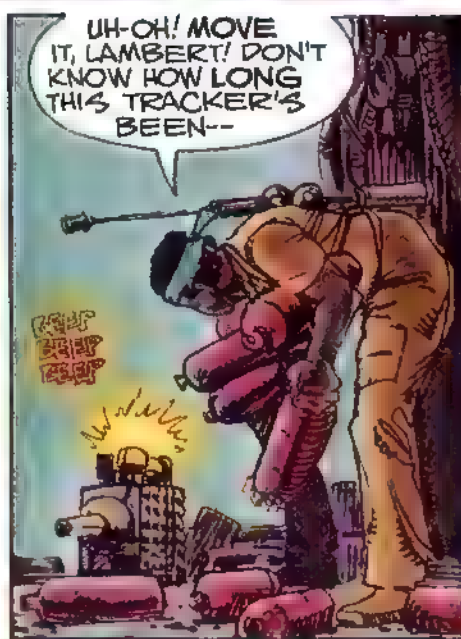
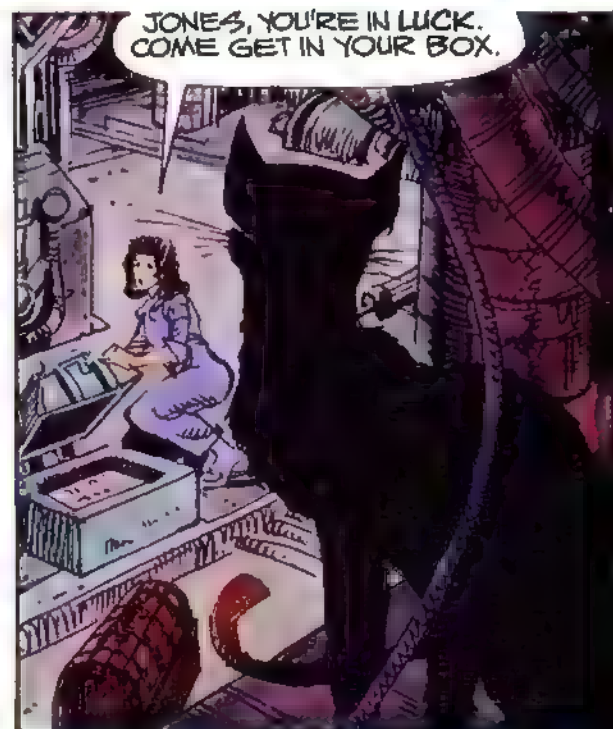
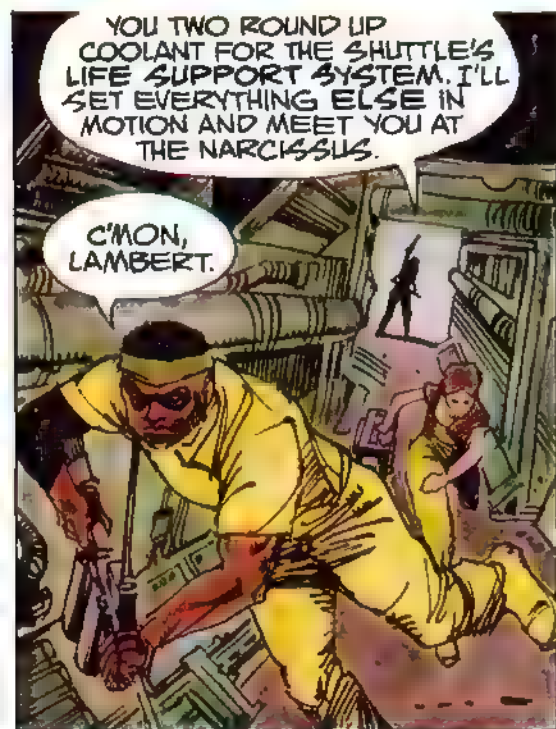
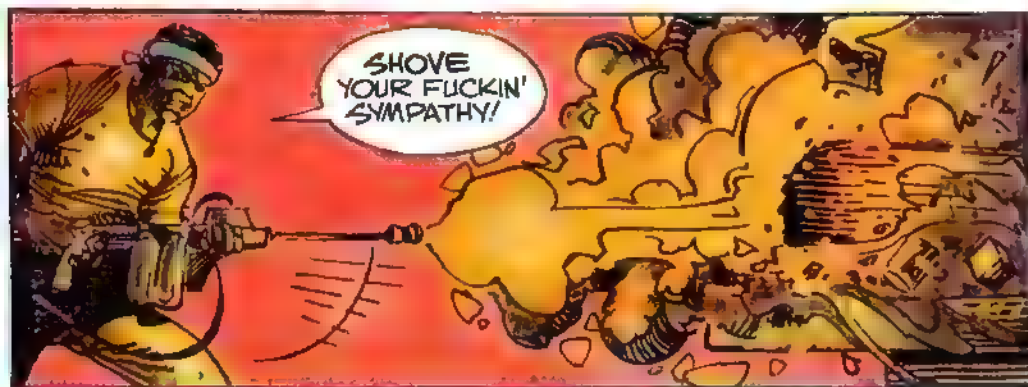
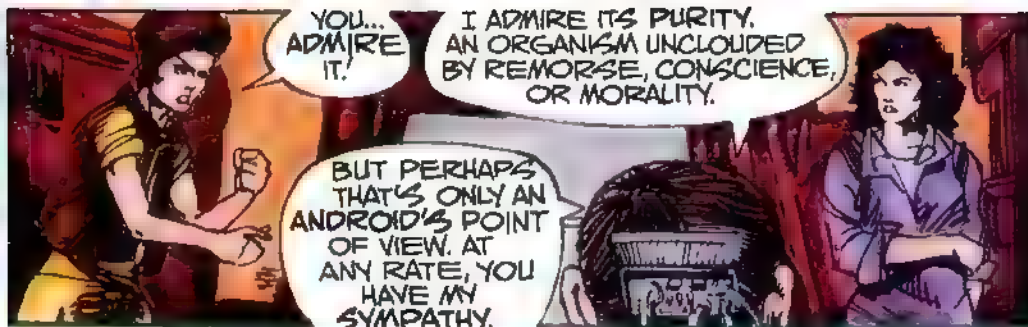
I
HEAR

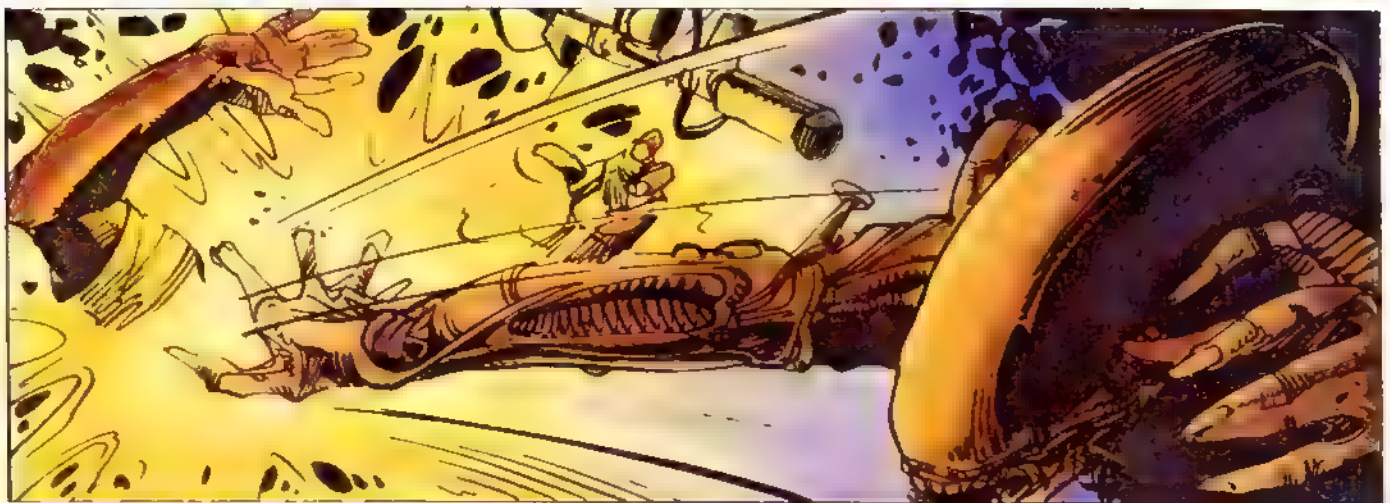
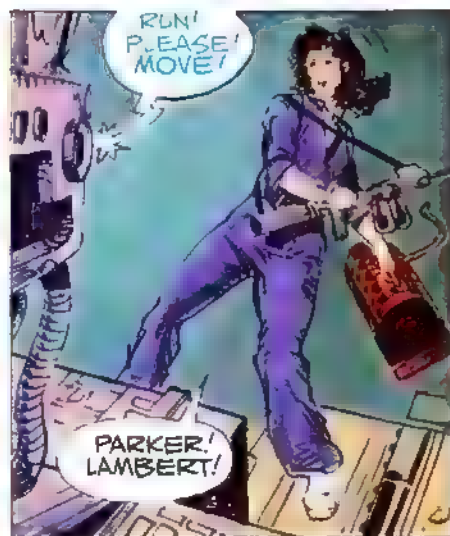
WE DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME, ASH.
HOW CAN WE
KILL THE ALIEN?

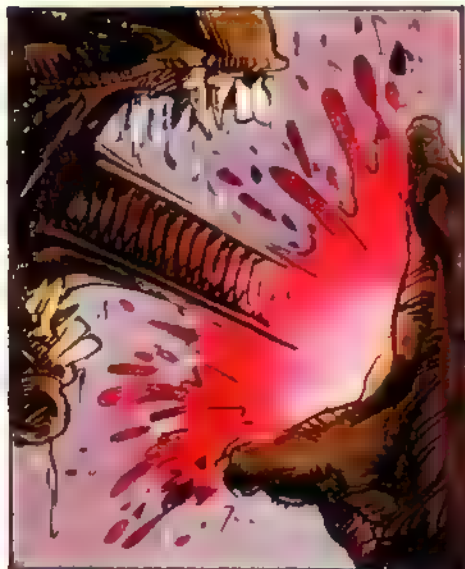
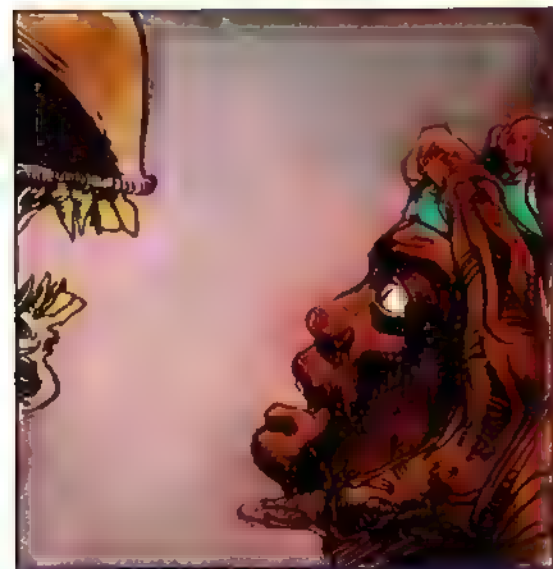


YOU CAN'T. IT'S A
PERFECT ORGANISM.
AND THAT STRUCTURAL
PERFECTION...

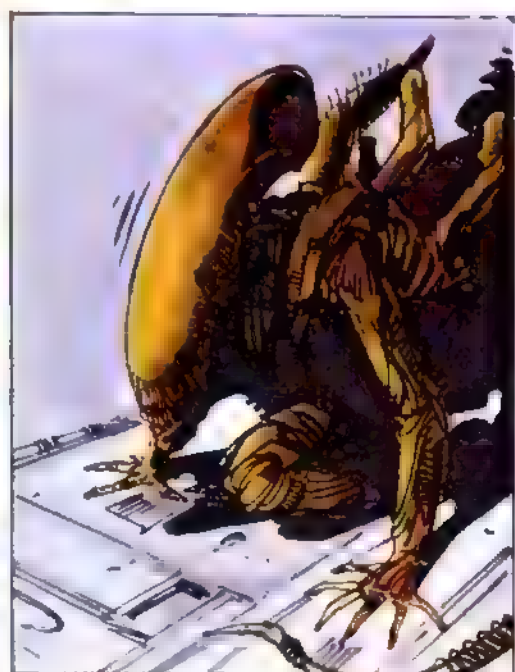
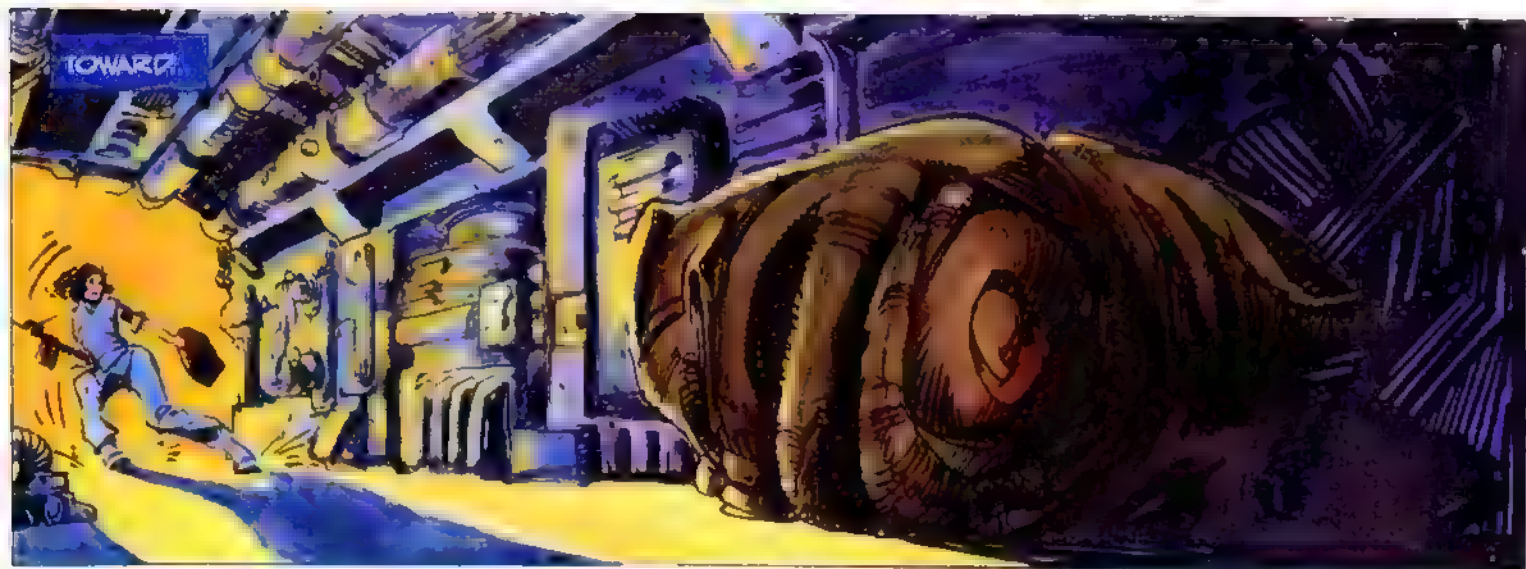
...IS
MATCHED
ONLY BY ITS
HOSTILITY.



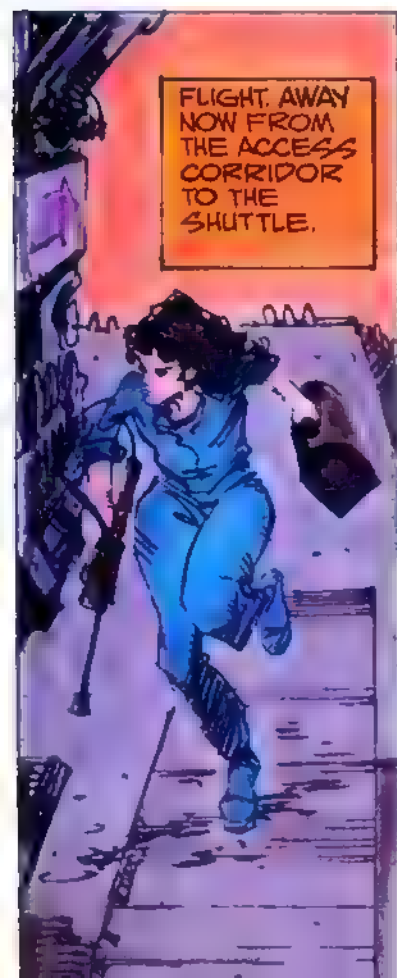




TOWARD



BACK INTO THE NOSTROMO, NOT DARING TO LOOK...AT WHAT MIGHT FOLLOW.



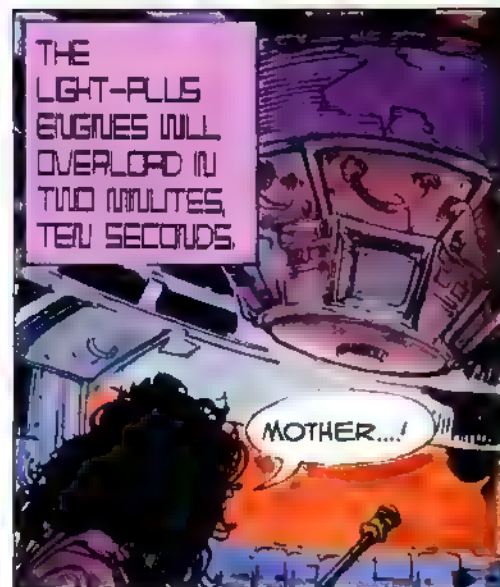


ATTENTION THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL
OVERLOAD IN
TWO MINUTES,
FIFTY SECONDS.

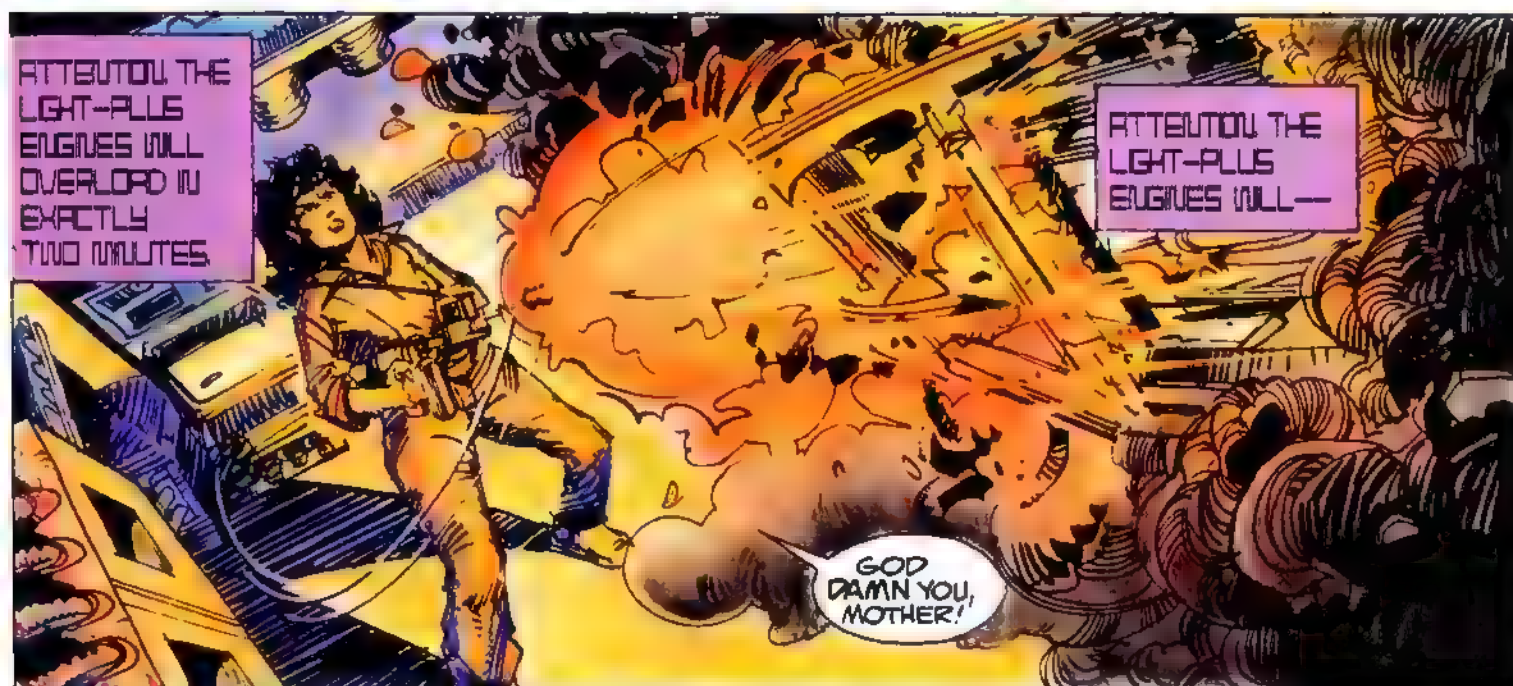
MOTHER, I'VE
REVERSED
THE SERIES.
STOP THE
COUNTDOWN



IT IS TOO
LATE FOR
REMEDIAL
ACTION



MOTHER...!



ATTENTION THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL
OVERLOAD IN
EXACTLY
TWO MINUTES.

ATTENTION THE
LIGHT-PLUS
ENGINES WILL—

GOD
DAMN YOU,
MOTHER!

NOW BACK AGAIN. MOTHER'S
MADDENING COUNTDOWN
CONTINUING IN HER HEAD.



ONE
MINUTE,
FORTY
SECONDS
LESS.

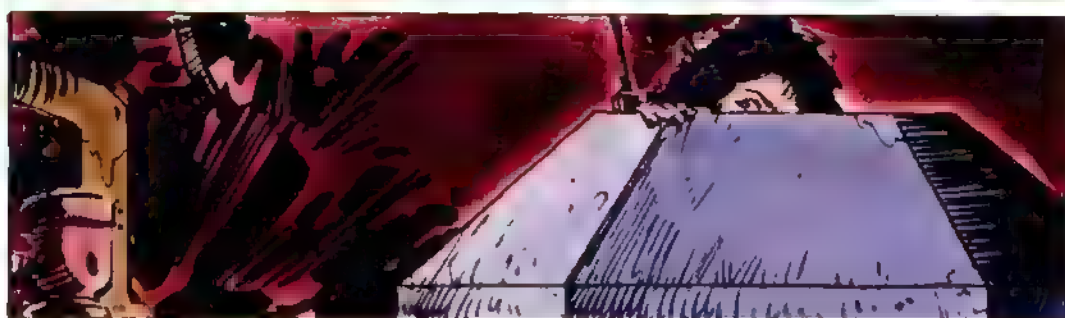
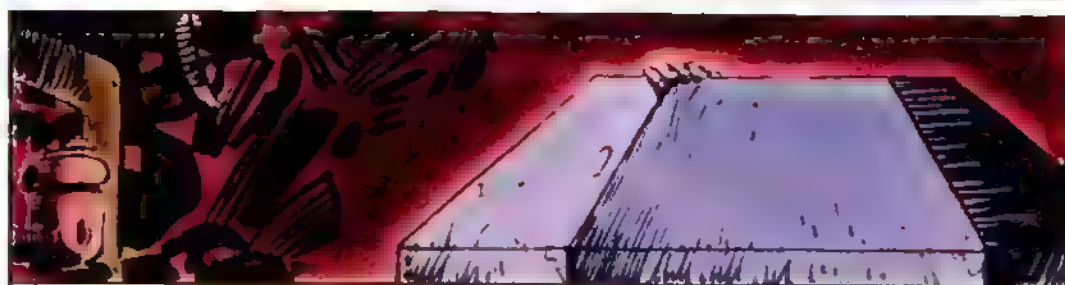
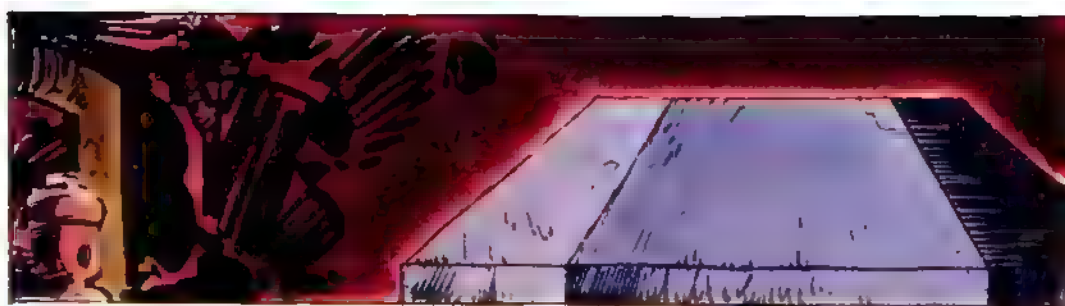
NINETY SECONDS. THE ACCESS CORRIDOR.



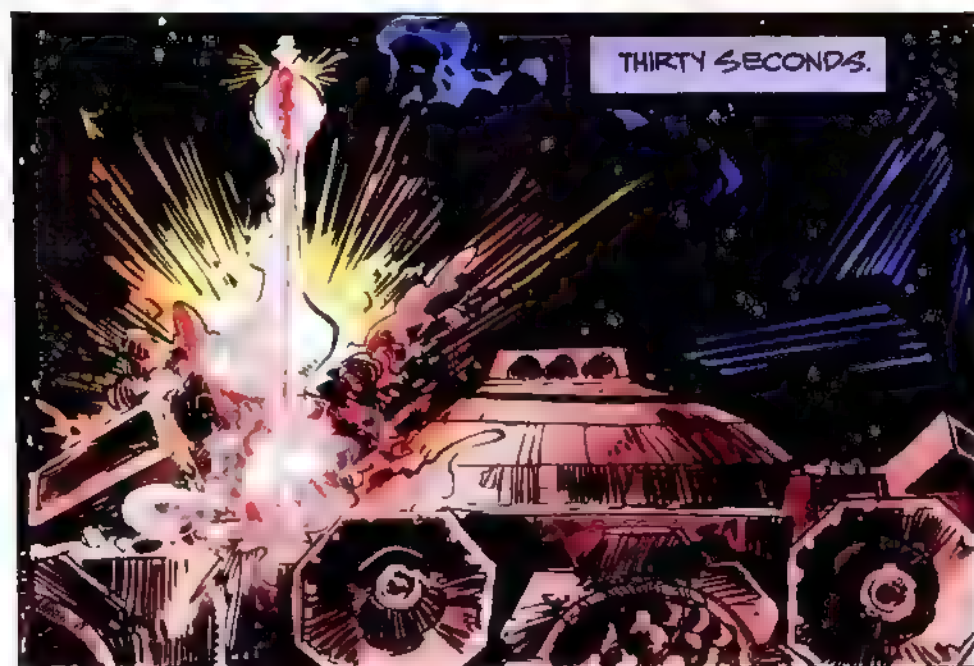
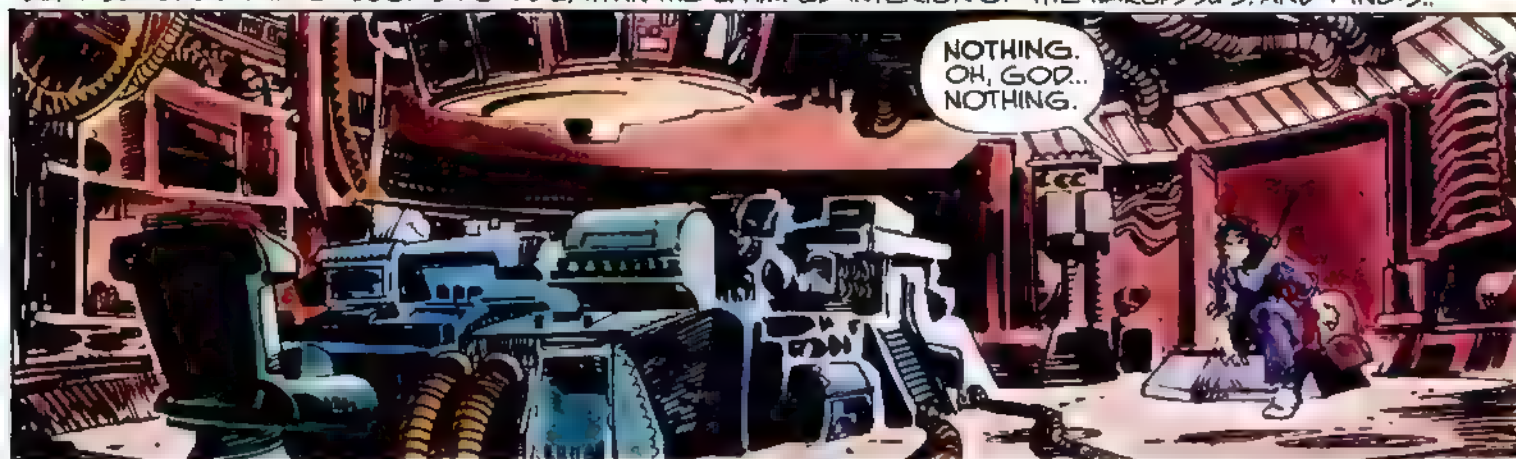
OH,
CHRIST.
NOW. GOT
TO BE--

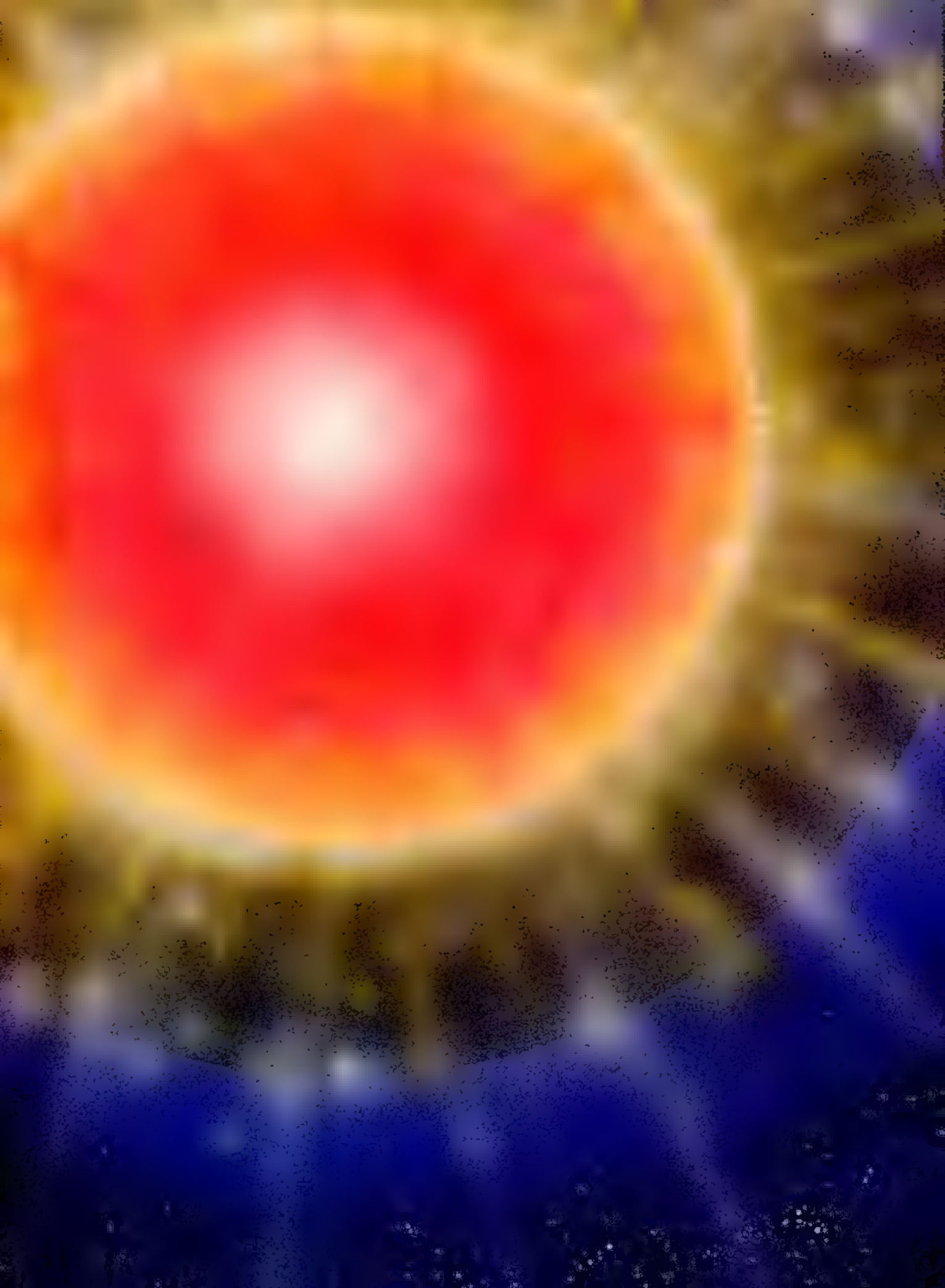


GONE!
EITHER IT CAME
BACK INTO THE
NOSTROMO AFTER
ME, OR...

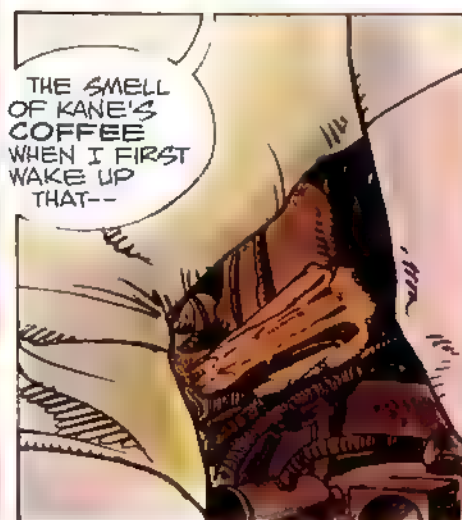
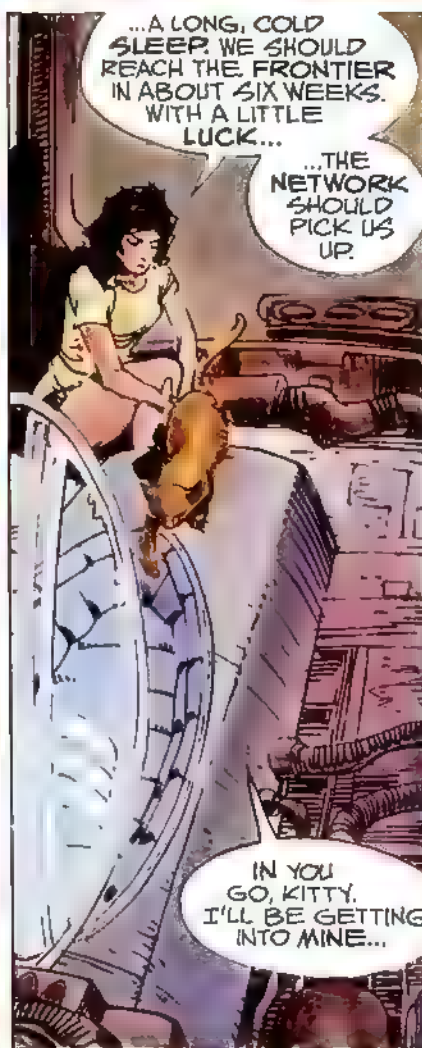
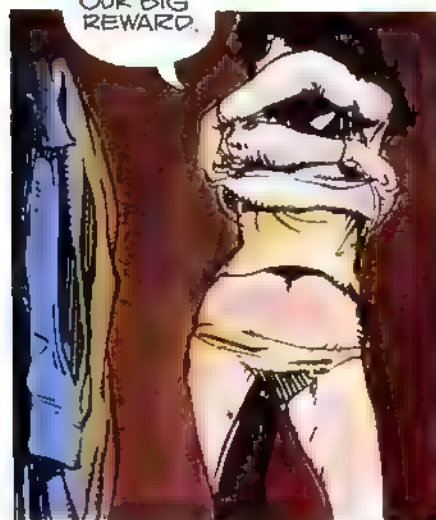
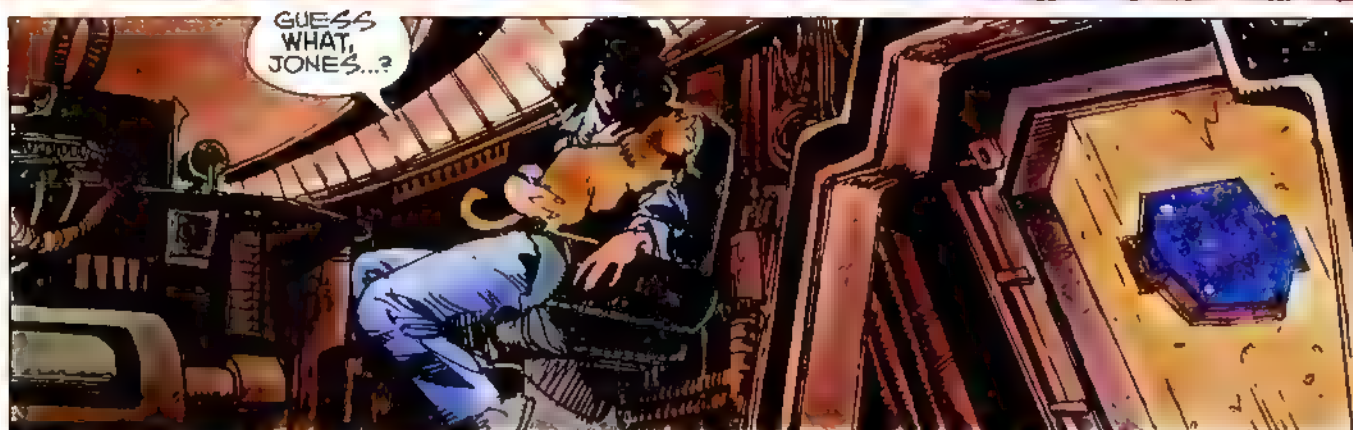
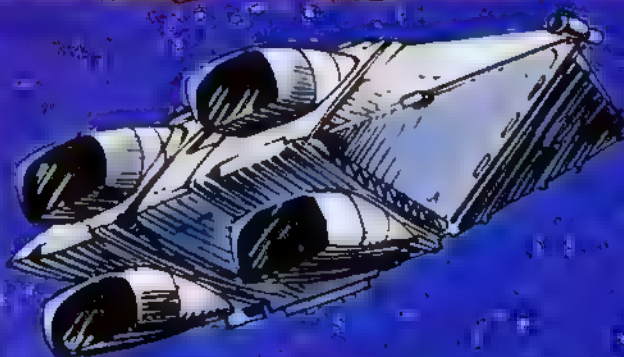


SIXTY SECONDS RIPLEY LOOKS FOR DEATH IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE NARCISSUS, AND FINDS..





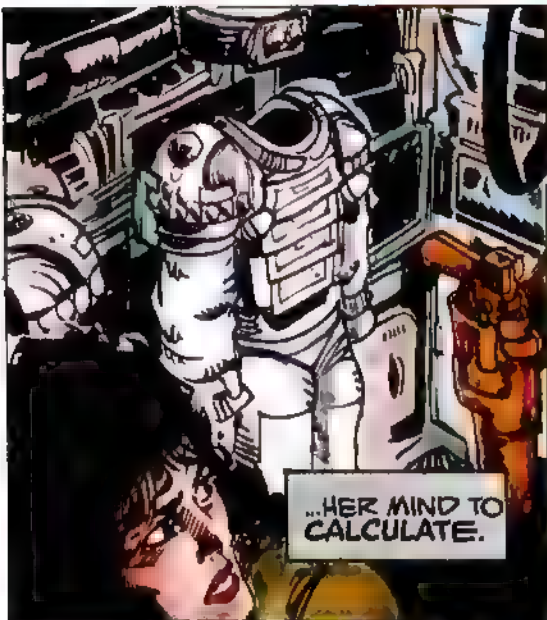
THE LIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF FUEL FADES. THE SHOCK WAVES EBB. AND THE LIFEBOAT NARCISUS SLOWLY DRIFTS.



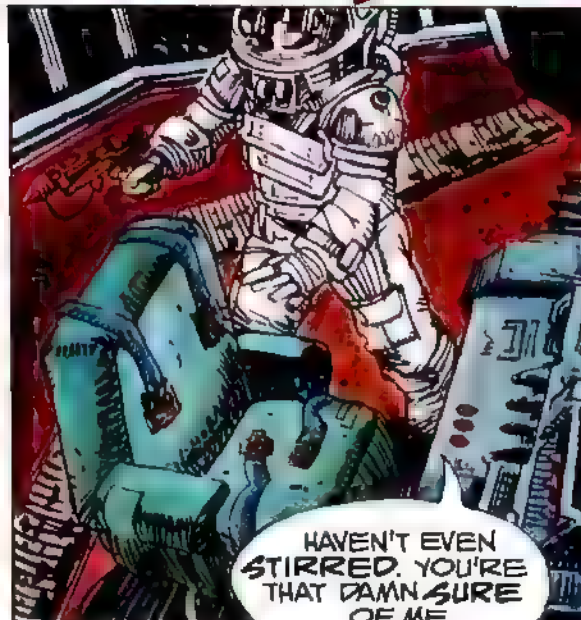
NO.

NO NO
NO NO
NO.

RIPLEY WANTS TO SCREAM,
TO CRY, INSTEAD, SHE
FORCES HER BODY TO
MOVE...



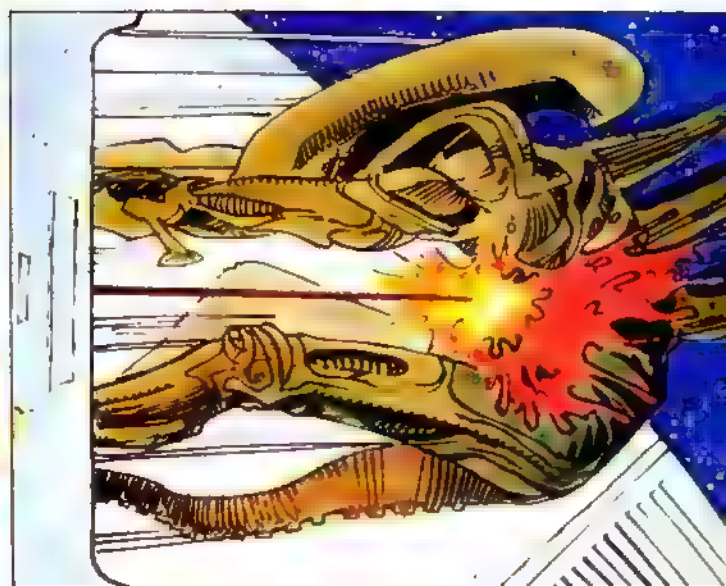
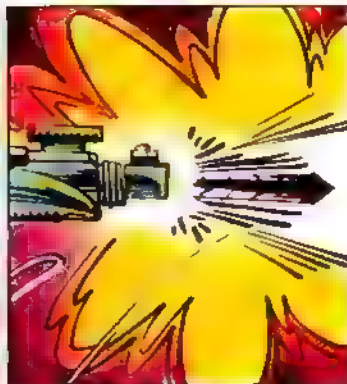
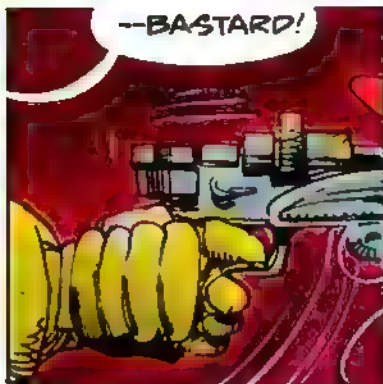
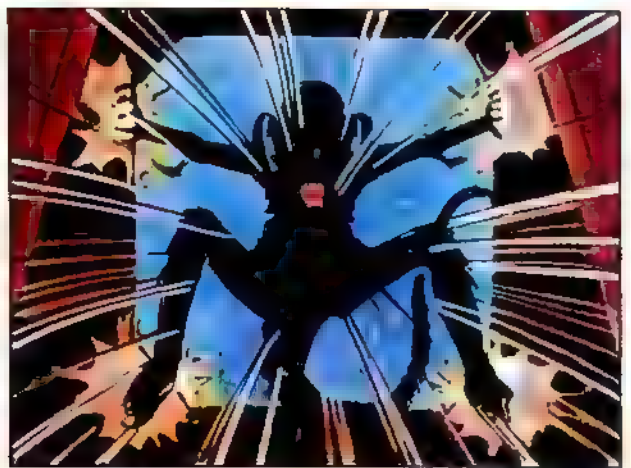
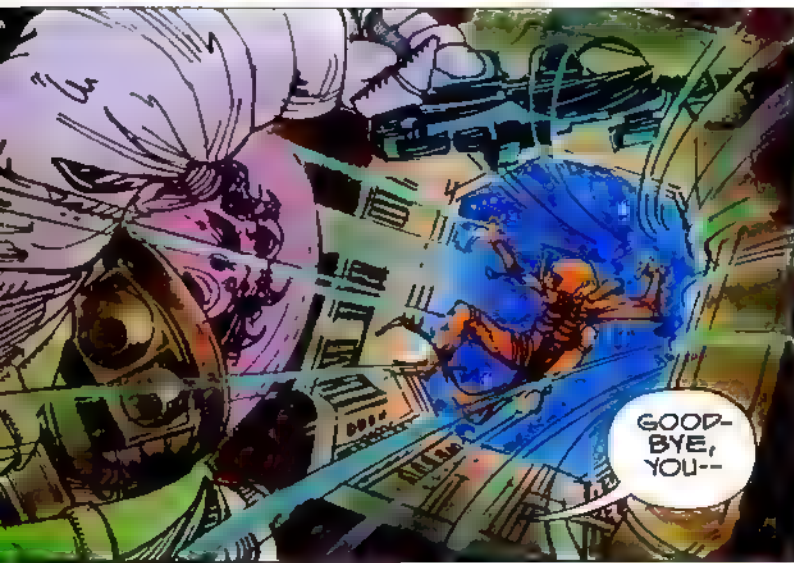
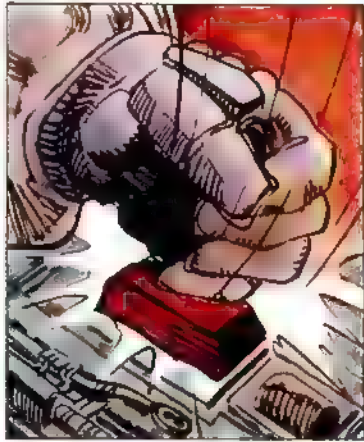
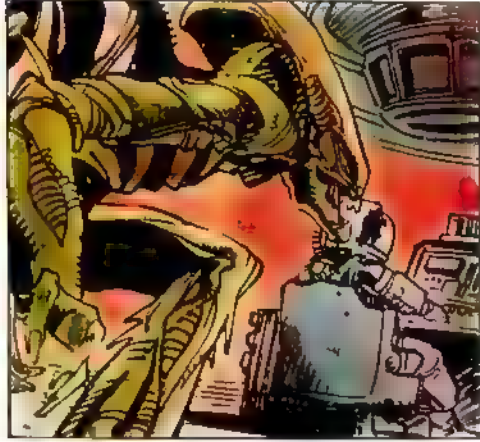
...HER MIND TO
CALCULATE.

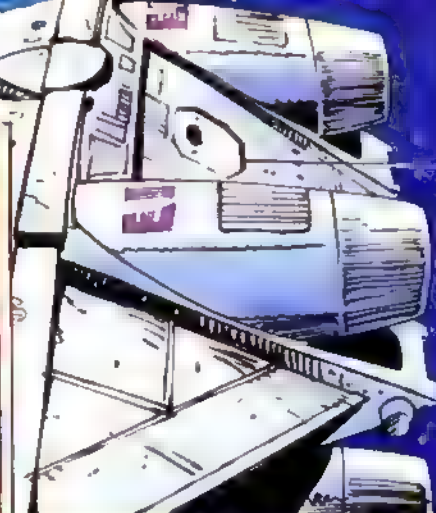


HAVEN'T EVEN
STIRRED. YOU'RE
THAT DAMN SURE
OF ME.

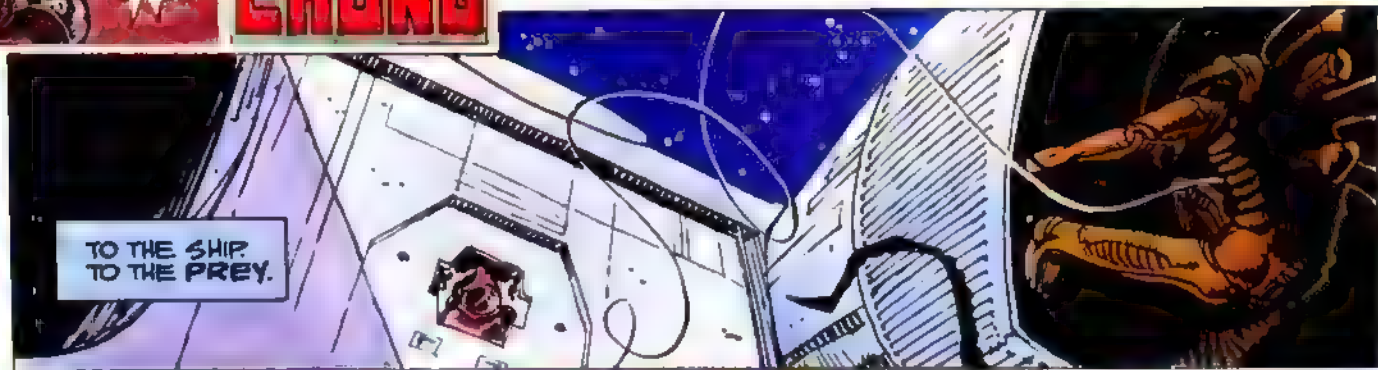
YOU'VE GOT
EVERYTHING IT
TAKES TO OUTLAST
ME. AND I'VE GOT
NOWHERE ELSE
I CAN GO.

LONG AS YOU'RE NOT
STARVING, WHAT'S THE
RUSH, RIGHT?



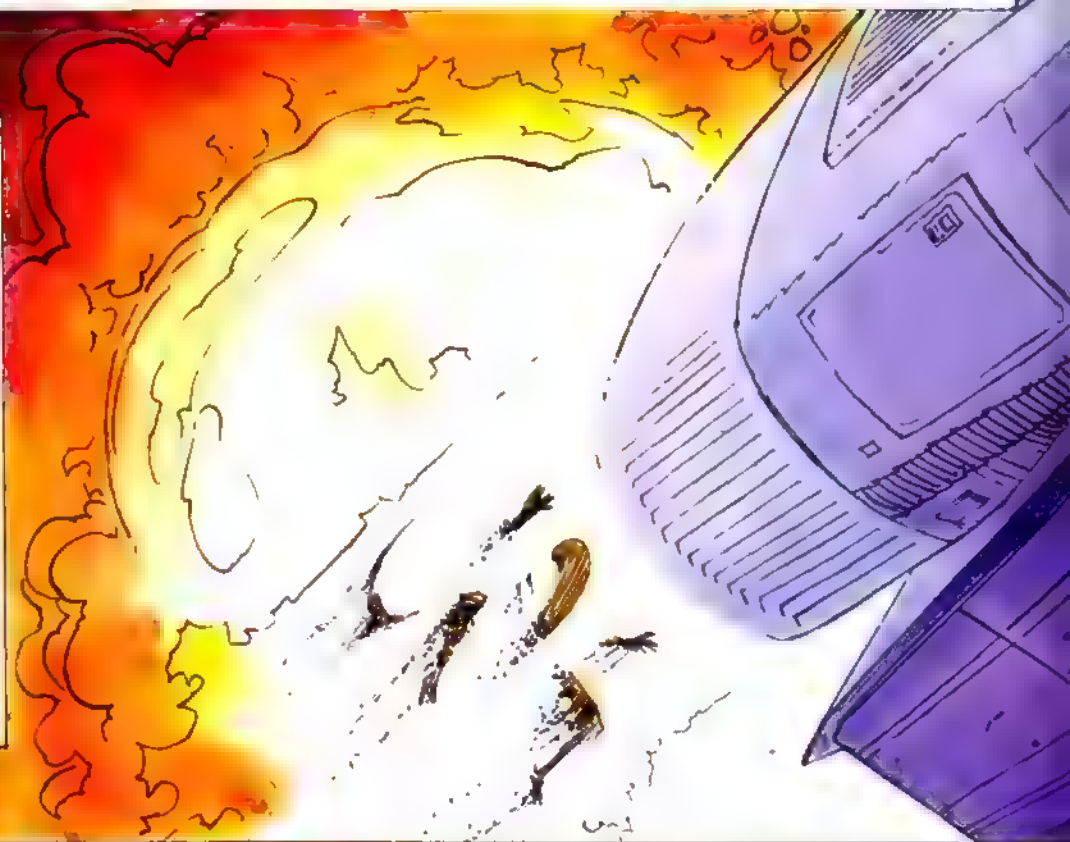
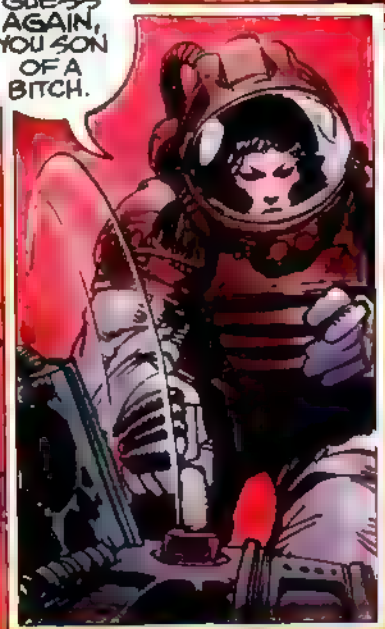


IT DOES WHAT IT DOES
BEST. IT SURVIVES.
AND SURVIVING...IT
WORKS ITS WAY BACK.



TO THE SHIP.
TO THE PREY.

GUESS
AGAIN,
YOU SON
OF A
BITCH.



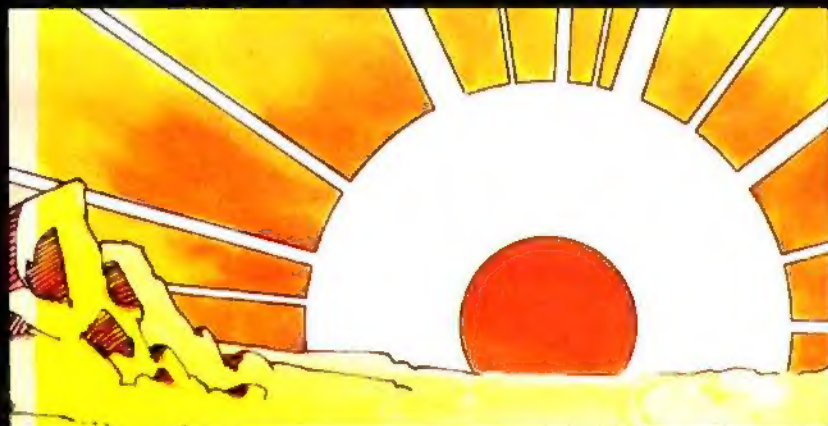
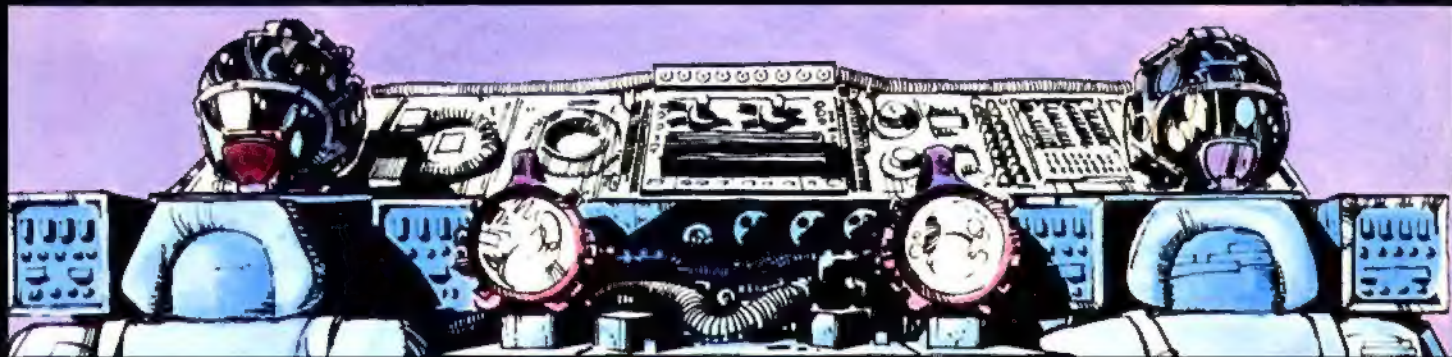
REPRESSURIZING THE CABIN, RIPLEY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOSTROMO, MOVES TO HER SLEEP VAULT.

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN. WITH THE SHIP...

THE SHIP... AND THE SILENCE.

THE
END





Vacant.

Two space helmets resting on chairs.

Electrical hum.

Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.

Moments of silence.

A yellow light goes on.

Electronic hum.

A green light goes on in front of one helmet.

Electronic pulsing sounds.

A red light goes on in front of the other helmet.

An electronic conversation ensues.

Reaches a crescendo.

Then silence.

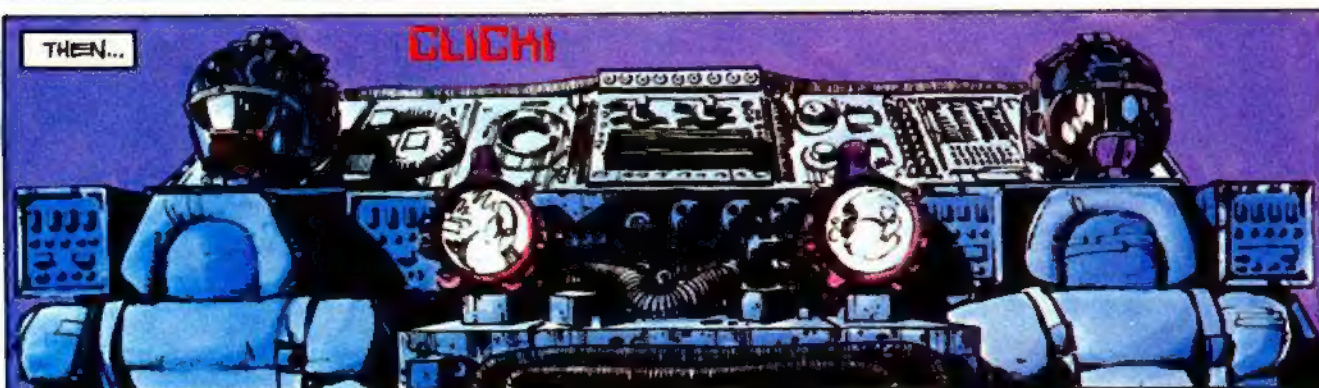
And when the silence is broken... the crew of the Nostromo must grapple with a terrifying life force they cannot leash, nor even comprehend—the Alien!

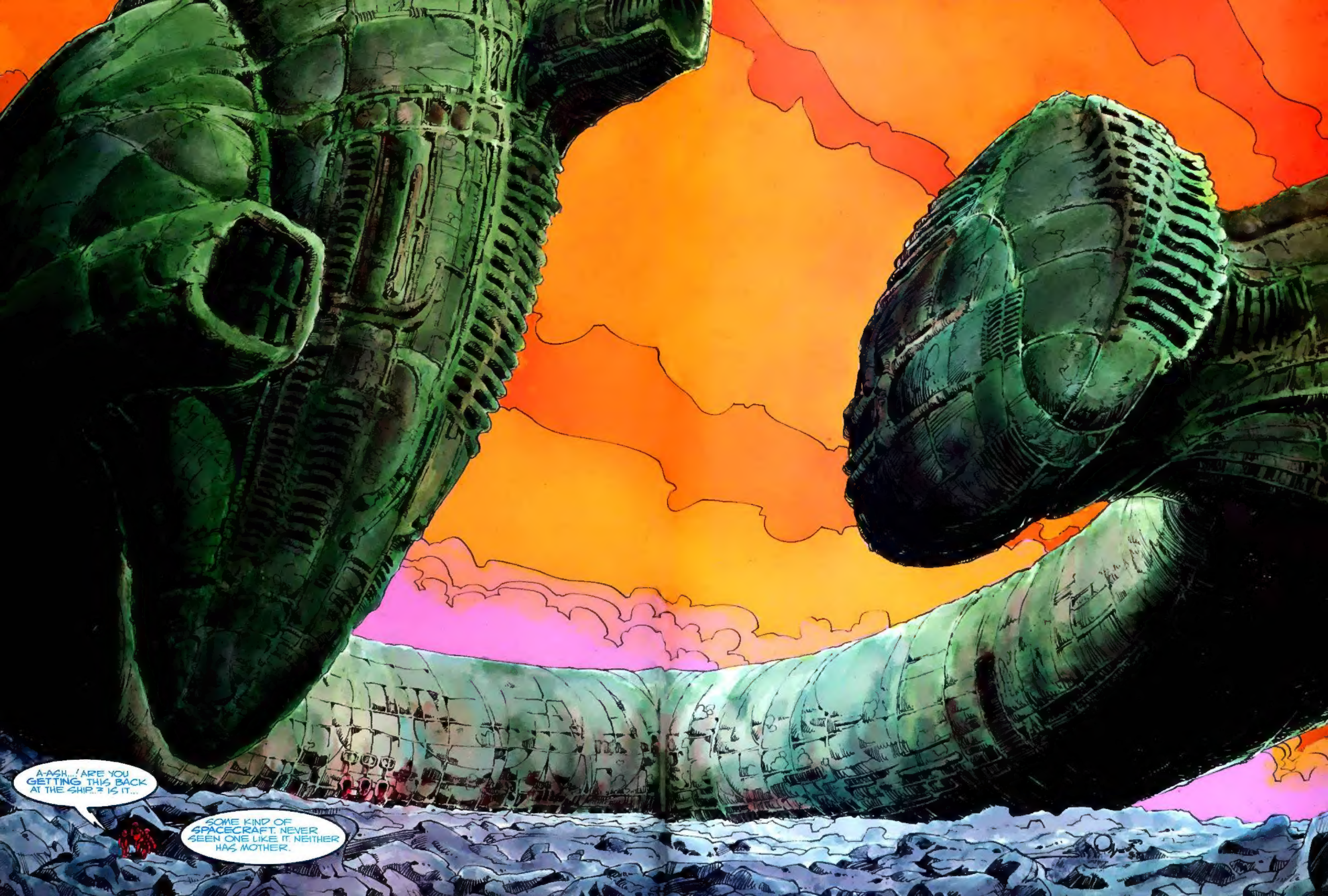
ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

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"WE LIVE AS
WE DREAM--
ALONE."
JOSEPH CONRAD





A-Ash...! ARE YOU
GETTING THIS BACK
AT THE SHIP...? IS IT...

SOME KIND OF
SPACECRAFT. NEVER
SEEN ONE LIKE IT. NEITHER
HAS MOTHER.

DALLAS, HOW COULD YOU LEAVE A DECISION ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE CREATURE TO ASH?

COMPANY ORDERS, RIPLEY. I RUN THE SHIP ANYTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE DIVISION... HE HAS FINAL SAY.

THAT NEVER USED TO BE STANDARD PROCEDURE. YOU SHIP OUT WITH ASH BEFORE?

NO, FIRST TIME.

HE WAS A LAST MINUTE REPLACEMENT. BUT SO WHAT?... SO WERE YOU.

I DON'T TRUST HIM.

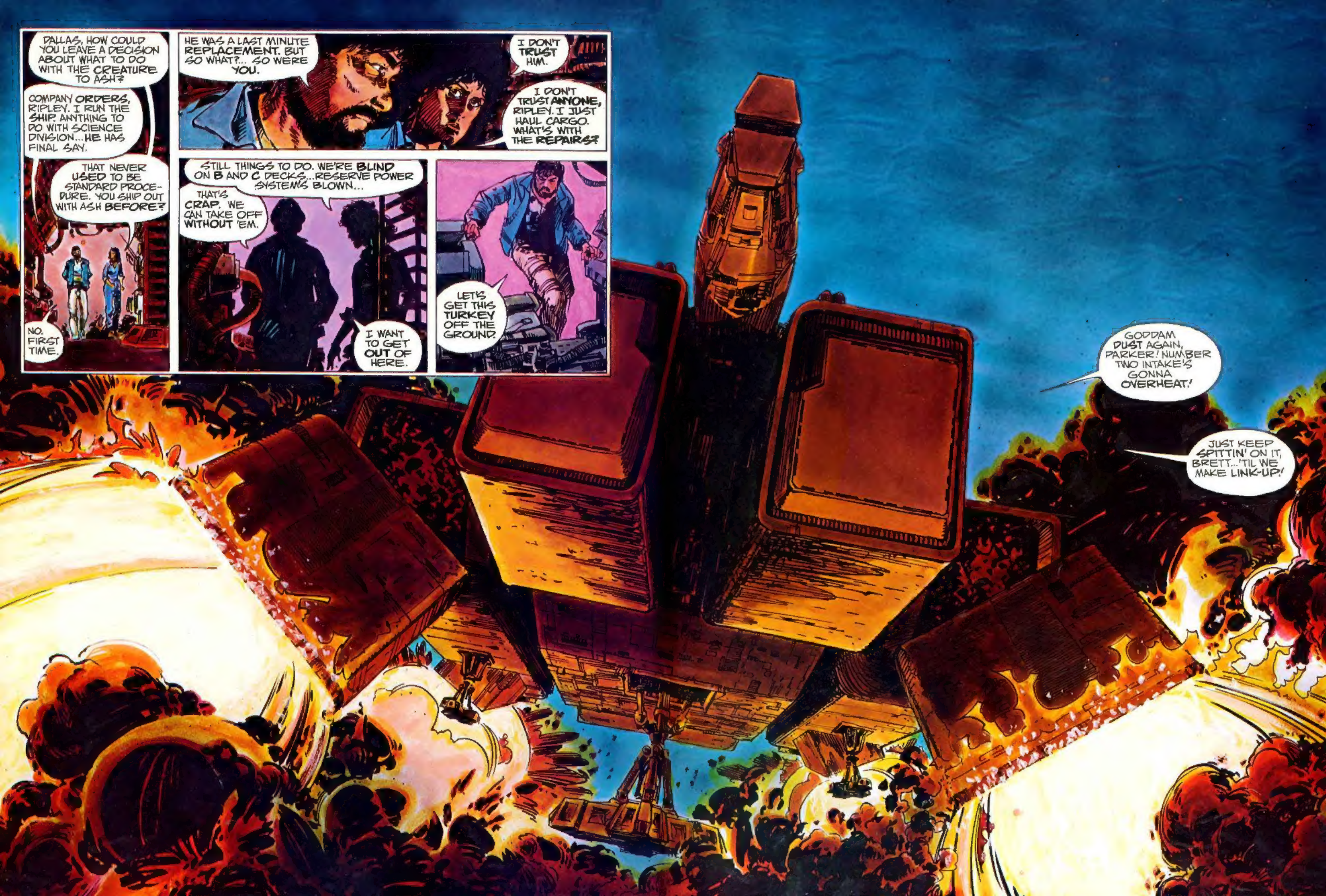
I DON'T TRUST ANYONE, RIPLEY. I JUST HAUL CARGO. WHAT'S WITH THE REPAIRS?

STILL THINGS TO DO. WE'RE BLIND ON B AND C DECKS... RESERVE POWER SYSTEMS BLOWN...

THAT'S CRAP. WE CAN TAKE OFF WITHOUT 'EM.

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

LET'S GET THIS TURKEY OFF THE GROUND.



GODDAM DUST AGAIN, PARKER! NUMBER TWO INTAKE'S GONNA OVERHEAT!

JUST KEEP SPITTIN' ON IT, BRETT... 'TIL WE MAKE LINK-UP!